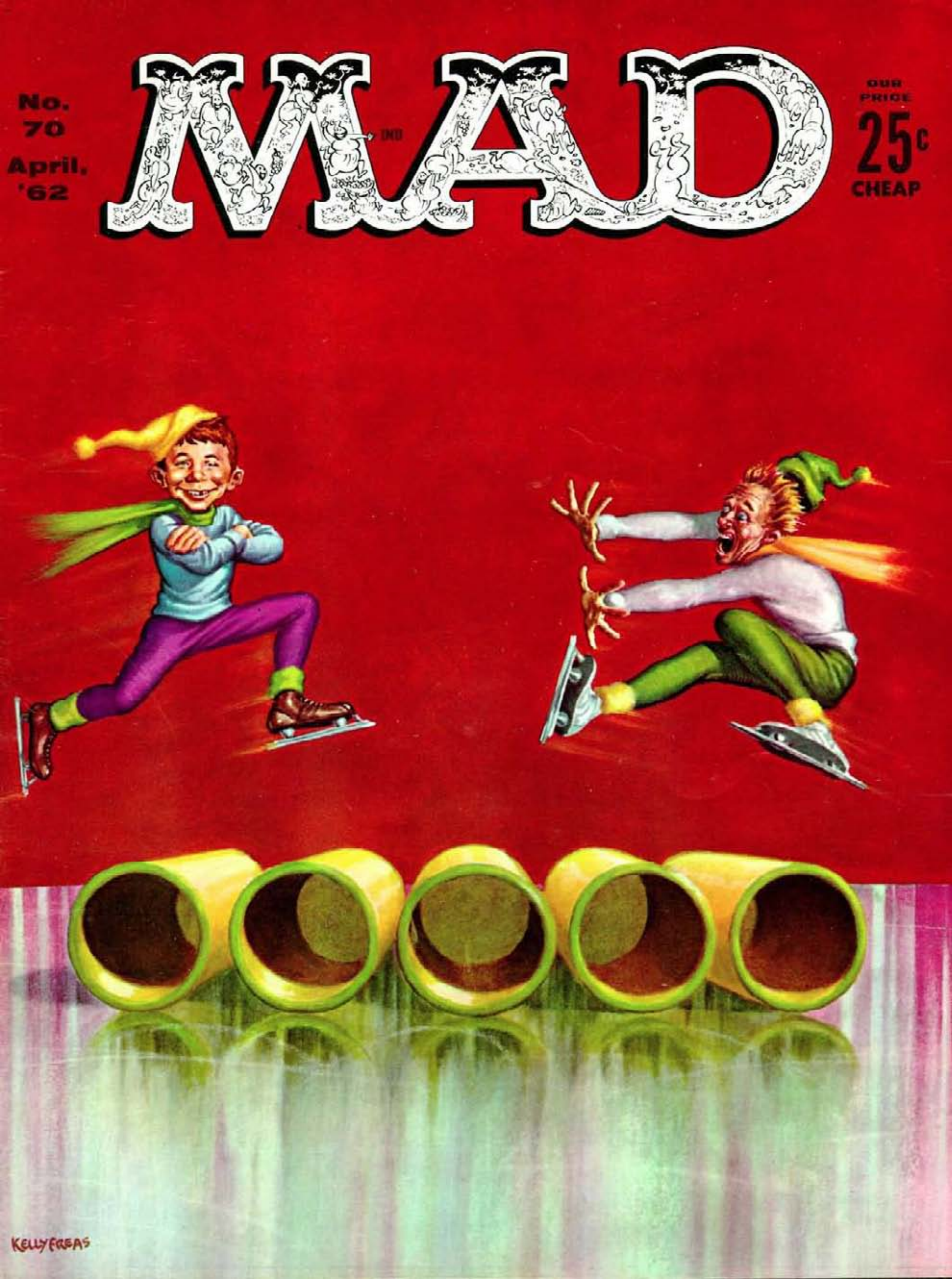
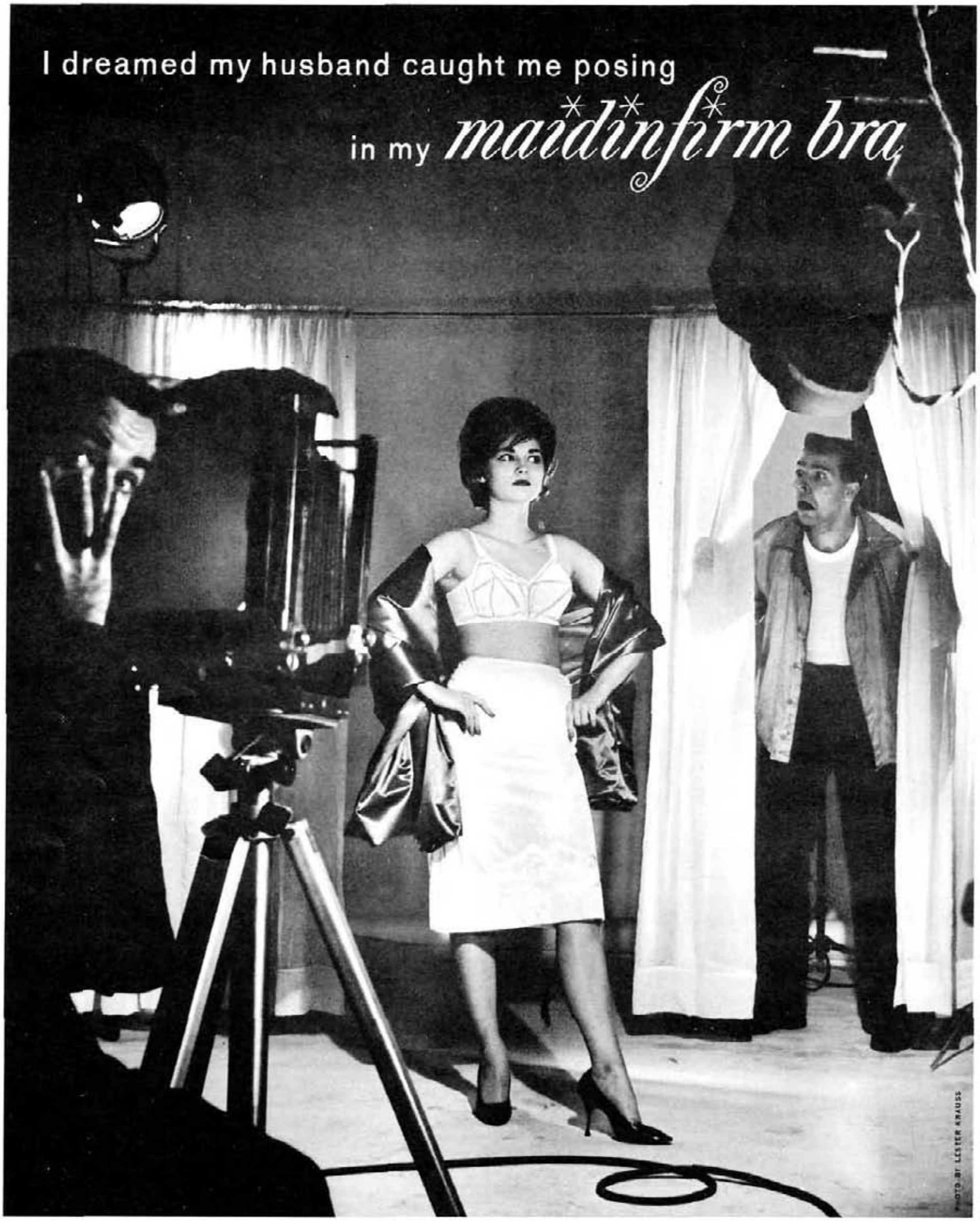

MAD
No. 70
April, '62
OUR PRICE
25c
CHEAP
KELLY FREAS



PURPLE RAGE . . . that's what he was in . . . especially since I'd told him it was for "Pepsi-Cola"! But what's a professional model supposed to tell her guy . . . when lingerie ads are getting sexier and sexier, and they're just about the only jobs available these days? Hah?

MODEL-FORM BOOKS, INC.—PUBLISHERS OF "HOW TO TELL YOUR GUY YOU'RE POSING FOR A LINGERIE AD"

NUMBER 70 APRIL 1962

MAD

"Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker ('s) . . . personal dislikes . . . Eleanor Roosevelt, Adlai Stevenson, Mad magazine, Edward R. Murrow . . . and Harvard University."
—*Newsweek, Dec. 4, 1961*

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein

ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **PRODUCTION:** Leonard Brenner
EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES: Jerry De Fuccio, Nick Meglin
LAWSUITS: Martin J. Scheiman **PROPAGANDA MINISTER:** Larry Gore
SUBSCRIPTIONS: Gloria Orlando, Celia Morelli, Anthony Giordano
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:
The Usual Gang of Idiots

DEPARTMENTS

**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD — April, 1962, Vol. 1, Number 70, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 850 Third Avenue, New York 22, New York. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for $2.00 in the U.S. Elsewhere, $2.50. Allow 6 weeks for change of address to become effective.

R. J. GROTH

VITAL FEATURES



Someday, this museum will enshrine all of the great contributions Madison Ave. has made to our culture—mainly, it will be empty!



After shoveling thru this article, you'll discover that **MAD** hasn't done anything to solve this mess except offer a "snow job"!



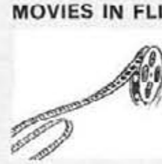
We expose the contents of Jerry Lewis's wallet, and come up with some comical items—which is more than Jerry's been doing lately.



Many comics use the same jokes — they just deliver them differently. We know this because they usually steal these jokes from us.



One look at these poetic attempts, and a new "St. Valentine's Day Massacre" will be ordered . . . for **MAD**'s artists & writers.



An article that explores the latest innovation in *air travel — in which the* airlines are now bringing their own "bombs" aboard.



A **MAD** satire of the TV show that glorifies guys with no roots who travel *around looking for kicks* — in other words, Bums!



Our version of a typical stockholders' report, in which management tries to cover up how they drained *most of the year's profit.*

LETTERS DEPT.



DEFINITION OF "MAD"

"MAD, adj. Affected with a high degree of intellectual independence; not conforming to standards of thought, speech and action derived by conformants from study of themselves; at odds with the majority; in short, unusual . . ." This amazing definition of the word "mad", which fits your MAD Magazine so perfectly, was taken from "The Devil's Dictionary" by Mr. Ambrose Bierce.

Skip Williamson
Canton, Ohio

What's even more amazing is that Ambrose Bierce died over 45 years ago!—Ed.

MAD WRITER WRITES TV

I see that Gary Belkin does quite a bit of comedy writing for television. Why isn't he funny like that in your magazine?

John Lamb
Suanrea, Mass.

Because television writes funnier checks!—Ed.

WE GET THE POINT

Listen, "Ed."—there's no reason to use an exclamation point (!) after every reply you give to the letters. After all, those stupid answers are nothing to shout about!

Donald M. Wilson
San Francisco, Calif.

UNSUNG HEROES

I am writing this letter to thank you for MAD Magazine, and to put in a special word of praise for those unsung heroes on your staff that I am sure contribute so much to its success. I mean people like John Putnam, Leonard Brenner, Jerry De Fuccio and Nick Meglin.

Henry Silkin
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Which one are you related to?—Ed.



Hi, Gang! Marginal Marvin again . . . back with a new "MAD Game" called, "If They Had A Brother . . . Brother!"

CELEBRITIES' WALLETS

I am a strong supporter of your magazine, and have found your series on "Celebrities' Wallets" especially funny. As a Republican, though, I would enjoy seeing you test Kennedy's sense of humor as you did Goldwater's, by showing us the President's wallet.

Douglas Dean Smith
Chicago, Ill.

We wanted to, but we had a little difficulty picking his pocket with all them Secret Service Men around!—Ed.

A MAD THESIS

As a graduate student in Journalism at Northwestern U., I am planning to write a report on MAD. My thesis is that MAD is age-old satire, but new and peculiarly American in its form and content; that it is a distinctively American form of satirical literature; and, for this reason, it has achieved continuing success in modern America.

(Rev.) Basil R. Manago, S. J.
Evanston, Ill.

An interesting thesis. We better not mention the fact that MAD enjoys continuing success reprinting its material in British, Swedish and Danish editions, too!—Ed.

COMICS CHRISTMAS PARTY

Thank you for including CANYON in the Christmas Party spread in the current MAD. We got a big kick out of the whole thing.

Milton Caniff
New City, New York



All you gotta do is dream up a fictional brother (or sister) for a famous person so the name makes a gag! Like f'rinstance:

COLLEGE FRATERNITIES

Who on your staff got close enough to a college campus to do research on "College Fraternities"? Your article is extremely funny, but I'm afraid that we are going to have to remind some of our suck—er, rushies that burlesque is a broad exaggeration of the truth, and not a completely reliable representation of reality. I would like to re-type this, but we are disciplining a pledge, and I have to go heat up the branding irons.

Richard Erlich
Pi Lambda Phi
Champaign, Ill.

SECOND DON MARTIN COVER?

This is the second cover of MAD that Don Martin has drawn. The first, if I remember correctly, was a finger-painting!

Michael Sirotta
Paulsboro, N.J.



First Don Martin Cover

PROCTOR AND GAMBOLS

I have a teacher who takes all the MAD Magazines away from her students and reads them herself. This is not so bad, but when we have exams, she sits there reading them and laughing like a fool. What can we do?

Tony Hughes
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Try not to write such funny exams!—Ed.

*If Yogi BERRA had a brother, PAUL . . . his name would be PAUL BERRA! Get it? Find our examples—then try your own!

TABLED THE CONTENTS

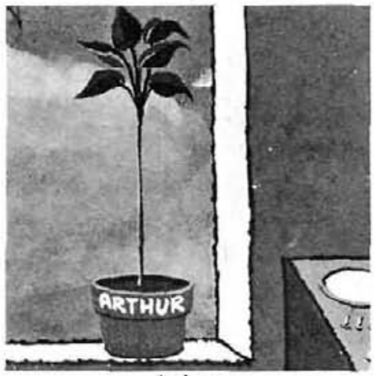
I just read your latest issue from cover to cover. Naturally, I tore out all the inside pages first.

Steve Cony
Milwaukee, Wisc.

MORE ON ARTHUR

Will you guys cut out the comedy and spill the beans about that plant named "Arthur" already!

Lou Slosel
Brampton, Ont., Can.



Arthur

"Arthur" must have been a midget to have been buried in a flower pot as small as all that!!

Robert Deveraux
North Merrick, N.Y.

Everybody seems to be shouting "Arthur—Arthur!"—Ed.

MAD EDITORIAL COMMENT

I am writing to you because I am searching for an authoritative opinion. (Obviously, I have been searching for a long time!) But seriously, I am researching a semester paper, and I would appreciate your comment on Nikita Khrushchev's statement that our childern will "grow up" under communism.

Chuck Sullivan
Portland, Ore.

Our children will never grow up under Communism if our adults "grow up" under Democracy, first!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 70, 850 Third Avenue
New York City 22, N.Y.

Alfred's Poor ALMANAC

FEBRUARY (Continued)		THURS 8	MAD goes on sale. Kennedy declares Martial Law.
FRI 9	First electric automobile successfully runs 20 ft. Inventor starts work on longer extension cord, 1901.	SAT 10	Atlantic cable laid, 1881. First N. Y. to Paris direct-line telephone call placed. Wrong number.
SUN 11	Irving Nasser named Arab League "Rookie of the Year", 1955.	MON 12	Abraham Lincoln given purple polka-dot necktie by wife on his birthday, 1858.
TUES 13	Lincoln decides to grow beard, 1858.	WED 14	Frank Nitti orders St. Valentine's Day Massacre after receiving 37 "insult cards", 1927.
THURS 15	Pocahontas accuses John Smith of using an alias, 1606.	FRI 16	Christopher Columbus discovers short route to India, by way of Idlewild Airport, 1960.
SAT 17	"Man who jump through window screen is likely to strain himself."	SUN 18	W.P.A. abandons project to empty Atlantic into Pacific with coast-to-coast bucket brigade, 1936.
MON 19	Halley's Comet visible today from 6 to 10 P.M. in Sam Halley's driveway.	TUES 20	Tex Winkle, TV gunslinger, sets modern-day record, fires 76 shots from 6-gun without reloading, 1959.
WED 21	Edwin Yllg tumbles from tree, becomes first to warn Mankind of danger of fallout, 39,344 B.C.	THURS 22	George Washington given green polka-dot necktie by wife on his birthday, 1796.
FRI 23	Washington tells Gilbert Stuart to please leave the portrait unfinished.	SAT 24	Cleopatra discovers that Romans are easy Marcs, 42 B.C.
SUN 25	Custer's last stand bought by Howard Johnson, 1958	MON 26	U.S. Davis Cup team refuses to divulge net income, 1958.
TUES 27	Ace "Con-Man" Al Bung sells Brooklyn Bridge, accepts San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge as trade-in, 1947.	WED 28	American Kennel Club puts down Boxer Rebellion, 1899.

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

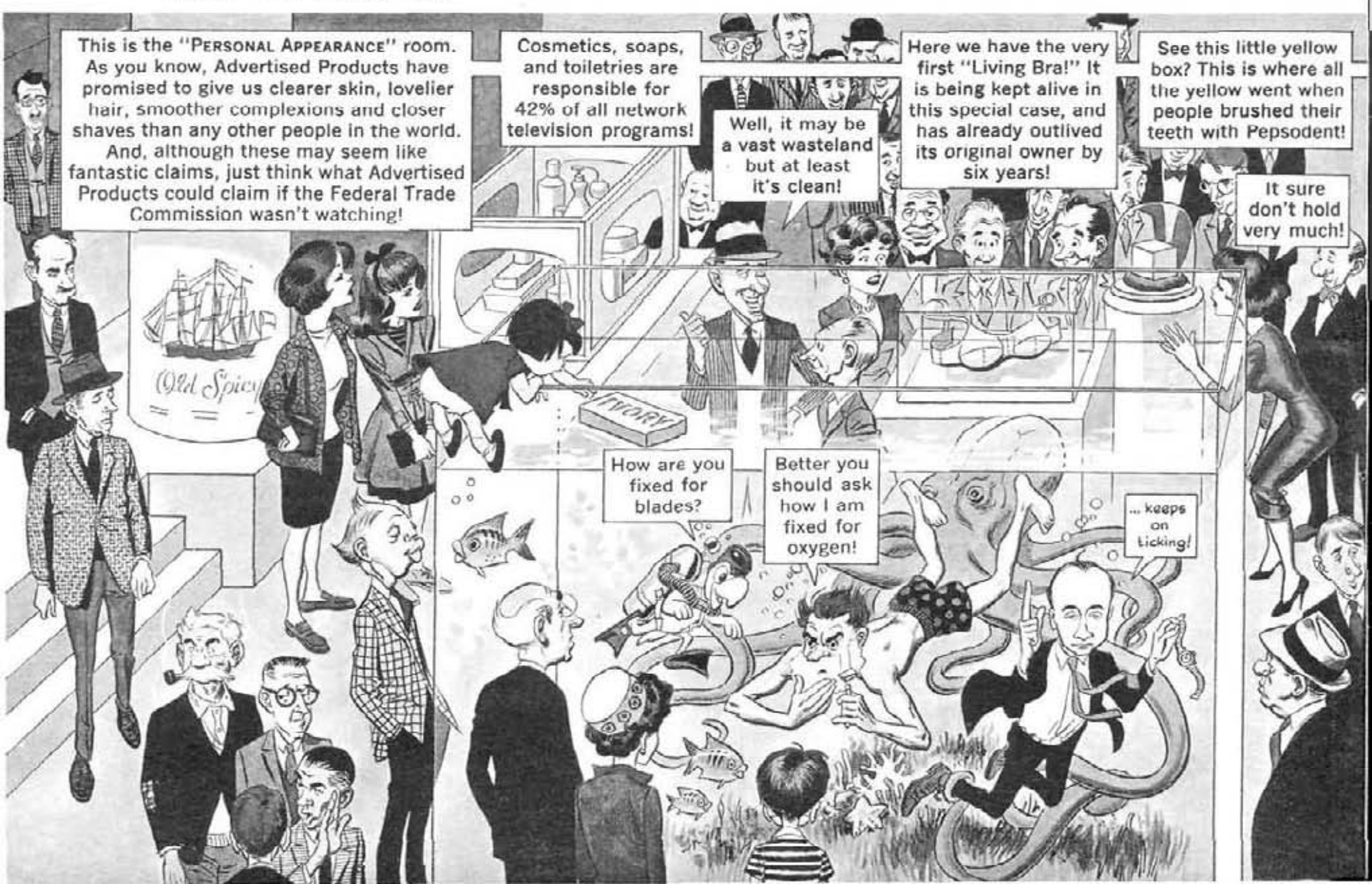
MARCH

THURS 1	Dr. Kildare begins longest internship in history of modern medicine, 1938.	FRI 2	Fink Construction Company wins bid to fill in Black Hole of Calcutta, 1756.
SAT 3	Canning season opens. 2000 men laid off at General Motors.	SUN 4	Rome beats Carthage, XII to V, at the Colosseum, 146 B.C.
MON 5	Eli Spitney invents Cotton Gin, downs first shot, and chokes on threads, 1841.	TUES 6	Riot in Montana State Legislature after opposition installs "Poo Cushions" on every seat, 1917.
WED 7	Conrad Vippit begins 57-day Ovaltine binge, 1947.	THURS 8	"Man who falls into mimeograph machine is easily impressed!"
FRI 9	Wintergreen McGargle invents the exploding cigar, 1874.	SAT 10	Wing Ho Pu invents anti-Acne cream, tests it himself, and loses face, 1948.
SUN 11	Hirum Fulm copies "War and Peace" on the head of a pin, 1922.	MON 12	Hirum Fulm commits suicide when he discovers he left out page 73.
TUES 13	17 talking porpoises sing "God Bless America" on The Ed Sullivan Show, 1960.	WED 14	Max Wickwire becomes first man in history to go over Niagara Falls in an ambulance, 1933.
THURS 15	Dr. Hugo Klotz successfully removes own pancreas on The Ed Sullivan Show, 1959.	FRI 16	The East African mosquito's bite is not fatal. It's his bad breath that kills you.
SAT 17	John Paul Jones finally begins to fight, 1821.	SUN 18	Aldo Shmutz invents new delicacy: Italian Yo-Yo; one strand of spaghetti attached to a meatball.
MON 19	"Glass walls do not a prism make!"	TUES 20	Mrs. P. T. Barnum invents Baby Bottle, claims: "There's a sucker born every minute!", 1891.
WED 21	First day of Spring cigarettes' new advertising campaign.	THURS 22	Barry Goldwater comes out for Rutherford B. Hayes, 1876.
FRI 23	Al Capone asks for unlisted phone number at Alcatraz, 1930.	SAT 24	Picasso's first bronze statue erected in Central Park, 1936. Pigeons refuse to perch on it.
SUN 25	Sidney J. Occupant receives more junk mail than any other person in the U.S., 1961.	MON 26	MAD goes off sale. Kennedy declares National Holiday.


EXHIBIT "A's" DEPT.
*If Celeste HOLM had a brother, FOSTER . . .
Various industries, in an effort to invest themselves with dignity and importance, have taken to collecting their historical artifacts for exhibition in museums. The Automobile Industry has "The Henry Ford Museum," the Glass Industry has the "Corning Museum of Glass" and the Baseball Industry has the Cooperstown "Hall of Fame." So, we here at MAD figure it won't be long before the Advertising Industry opens . . .
THE NEW, IMPROVED, HOSPITAL TESTED AND APPROVED
MVSEVM OF MADISON AVENVE
Hi, there! I'm Helen Hubbard, your guide! I'll be showing you average people around our Museum. And folks, this museum looks good—like an Ad Museum should! So why not do as thousands of others have done? Follow me on our money-back guaranteed tour! You'll be awfully glad you did!
TELL YOVR FRIENDS ABOVT IT
WOVLD YOV BELIEVE IT, I HAVE A COLD
I WAS A 97-POVND WEAKLING!
QVICK HENRY, THE FLIT ☆ TAKE TEA AND SEE
IF YOV CAN WALK, YOV CAN DANCE
A DIAMOND IS FOREVER ☆ TIME TO RETIRE
WILDROOT CREAM OIL CHARLIE ☆ IT'S TOASTED
S LOVELY, SHE'S ENGAGED, SHE VSES POND'S
IT LOATS ☆ THEY SAID IT COVLDN'T BE DONE
IT'S AT'S VP FRONT THAT COVNTS ☆ 99 44/100 % PVRE
PROG SS IS OVR MOST IMPORTANT PRODVCT
FLEISCHMANN'S
SPEEDY
Wood
ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: GARY BELKIN



. . . If Lynn BARI had a brother, HUCKLE . . .





*If Frank GORSHIN had a brother, ATLANTIC . . .





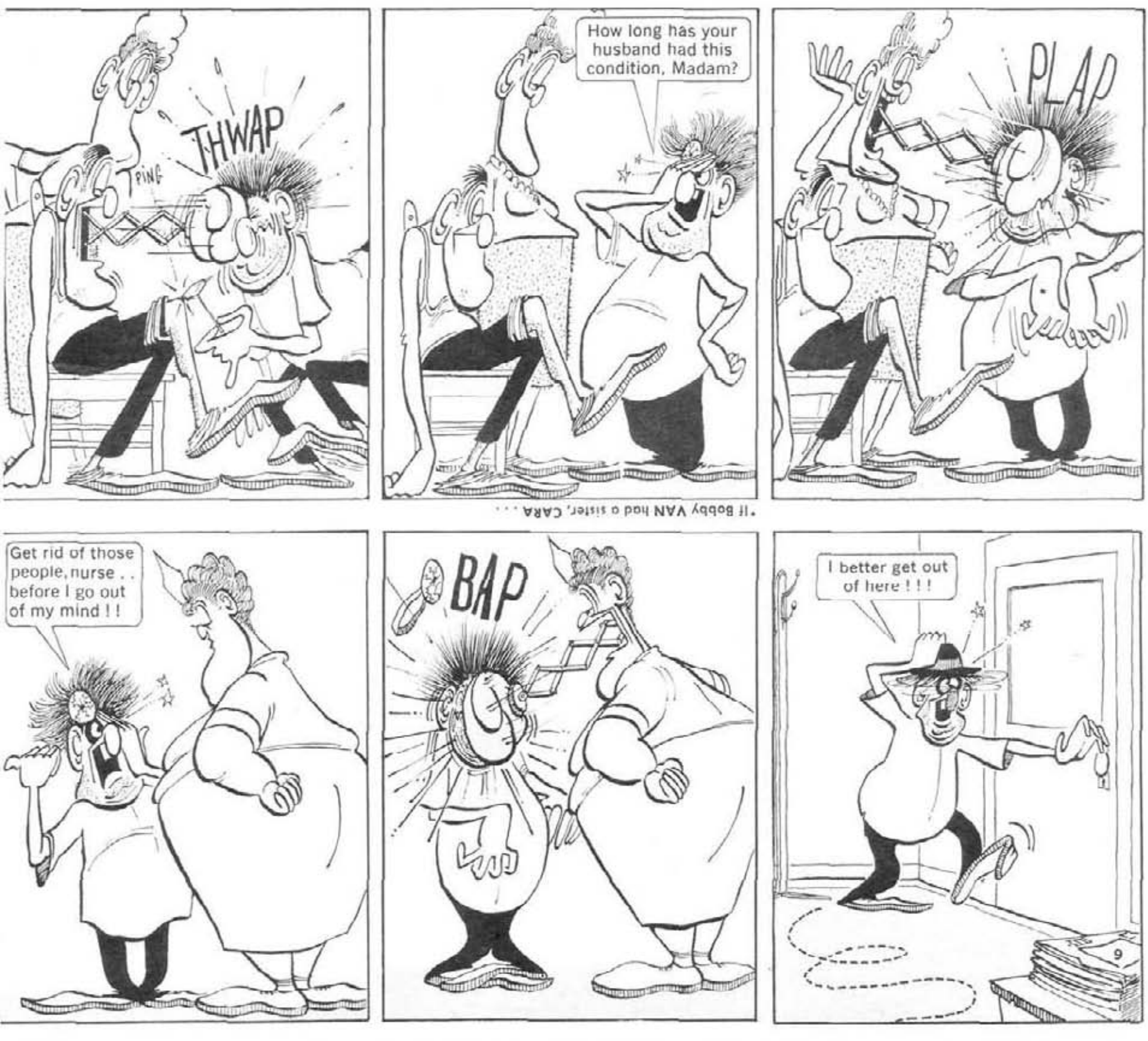
This statue commemorates Richard Ogg, a caveman with very strong lungs who went around shouting the very first advertising slogan: "BUY AN OGG AXE —OR I'LL BASH IN YOUR HEAD!" One day, he tried it on his girlfriend who bashed his head in. This led to another ad slogan: "NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A CAVEWOMAN!"
This statue is dedicated to all those American housewives who chose "Brand X" instead of New Blue Cheer! It was presented to the museum by the makers of Rinso White!
SKY WRITING ROOM
This plaque commemorates Roger Maris's 62nd . . .
His 62nd home run?
No, his 62nd ad testimonial!
RUST IN PEACE
CLASSFD ADS DEPT. DO N'T ENTR
I gt my jb thru the NYT
It says: "This pedestal honors Charles Charles (or Chuck Chuck, as he was known to his friends). Born in Walla Walla in 1919, Charles Charles discovered the importance of repetition in advertising. He killed himself with a dum-dum bullet after contracting beri-beri in Bali Bali. His statue was placed here in 1960, but later was found to be missing, missing, missing . . ."
It says: "This statue is dedicated to Herman Furd, the first man to retire to Florida on $300-a-month! He did it by saving the money he made selling Phoenix Mutual policies!"
It says: "This is not a statue! This is the real Arthur Murray!"
eventually... why not now?
It says: "This RCA radio was dropped 25 feet by Vaughn Monroe in 1955—and it did not break!
I once dropped my RCA TV set 25 feet—I had better luck! Mine smashed to bits!
Don't Stir Without Noilly Prat
Serutan spelled backwards is "Natures!"
Yllaer!?
Be sociable! Have a "Pepsi!"
If you want me to be sociable, give me a martini!
What does it mean, "You Can Be Sure—If It's Westinghouse?"
It means you can be sure the price will be exactly the same as General Electric's!

DON MARTIN DEPT. I

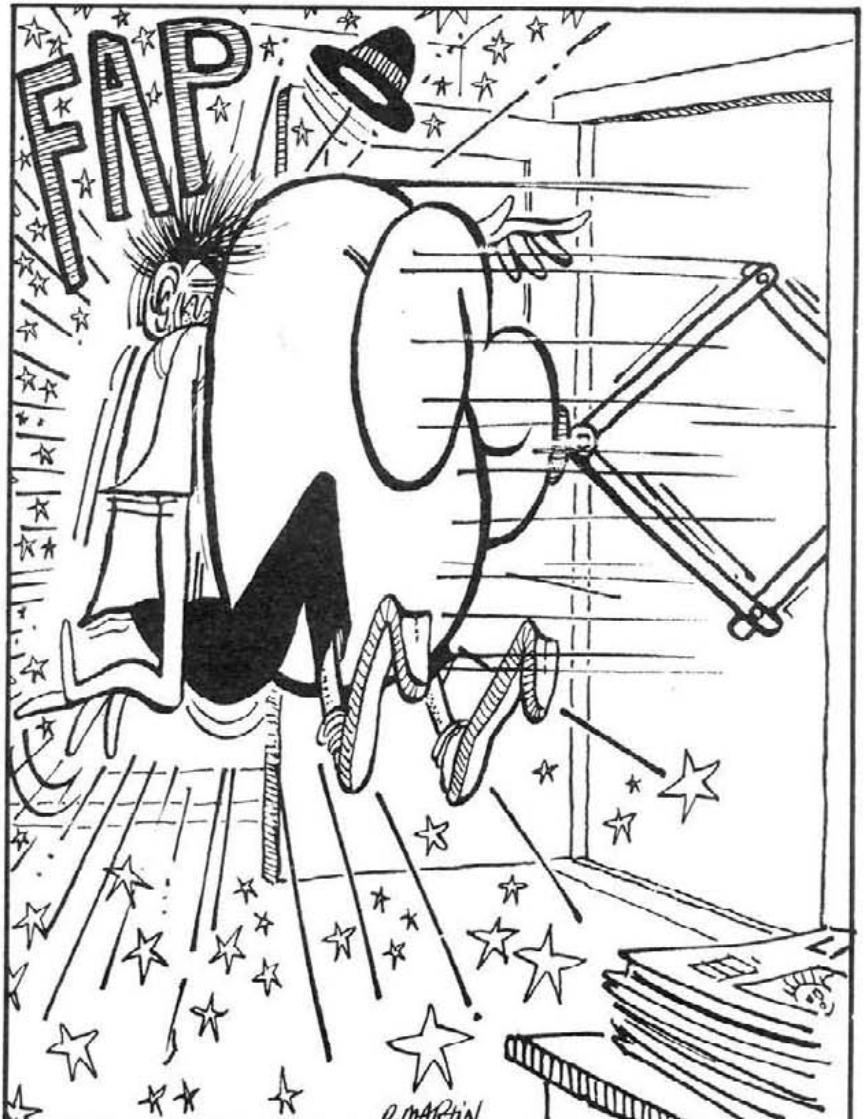
Here's MAD'S maddest artist, Don Martin, and his tongue-depressor-in-cheek version of what happened when he was—

IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE





• If Bobby VAN had a sister, CARA . . .



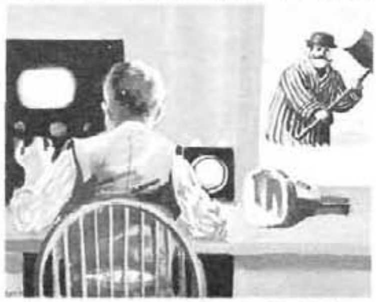
If Lena HORNE had a sister, MATTIE . . .

GETTING THE DRIFT DEPT.

In 1897, Marconi invented the first wireless radio, which enabled man to transmit his voice across space . . . while Sidney L. Kvetch was clearing his snow-covered walk with a shovel.



In 1923, V. K. Zworykin invented the image iconoscope, which enabled man to transmit pictures across space—while Sidney L. Kvetch Jr. cleared his snow-covered walk with a shovel.



In 1961, Wernher Von Braun developed a missile program which enabled man to transmit himself across space—while Sidney L. Kvetch III cleared his snow-covered walk with a shovel.



"If Goodman ACE had a brother, JACK . . .

THIS IS KNOWN AS PROGRESS!

Nowadays, the only people who enjoy snowfalls are children, poets and nuts. The rest of us find it a drag. Northern communities suffer most because snow snarls traffic, wrecks business, and fills the streets with dirty wet slop. And how do we remove snow in this modern space age? Why, with that ingenious device, of course—the man with the shovel! Actually, this method succeeds in removing more people than snow, when you consider the number of heart attacks suffered by shovelers. However, there are great humanitarians hard at work solving this problem . . . recognizing that there's plenty of dough to be made if they can come up with an invention which would be the answer to—

MORE EFFICIENT SNOW REMOVAL

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: AL JAFFEE

HEAVY SNOWFALLS PARALYZE MODERN LIFE



TYPICAL LITTLE TOWN PARALYZED BY SNOW: Although this typical little town looks picturesque and peaceful under its blanket of snow, it is actually in terrible shape . . . mainly because this typical little town is New York City!

HOW HEAVY SNOWS PARALYZE

PARALYZED TRAFFIC



City traffic, locked in by snow, cannot budge. Of course, it cannot budge in summer either, but at least there are pretty girls in clinging dresses to watch while waiting.

PARALYZED CONSUMER TRADE



Naturally, retail businessmen suffer acutely during snow, except for a few opportunists who do well. Paralysis sets in when consumer hears prices of needed shovel, salt, etc.

SUGGESTED SOLUTIONS TO

MODERN SCIENCE HAS COME UP

MECHANICAL SNOW MELTING PROCESS



This suggested solution involves a special machine which is mounted on a truck and shoots a jet stream of hot air at the snow. Of course, this jet stream must be quite hot, otherwise winter temperatures would render it ineffective.



Unfortunately, there are several drawbacks to this idea. First of all, if the jet stream of air is hot enough, it melts more than just the snow. Secondly, the melted snow soon freezes over again, locking everything in solid ice.

*If Jack LEMMON had a brother, TEEN . . .

MODERN LIFE IN THE CITY

PARALYZED COMMUTERS



Commuters in stalled trains are in real trouble. Hunger, coughing, tardiness are annoying. But real trouble comes from paralysis which sets in when heating systems fail.

PARALYZED PEDESTRIANS



Frigid weather accompanying snow forces many pedestrians to seek shelter and warming drink. Paralysis sets in when too many warming drinks turn pedestrians stiff as boards.

SNOW REMOVAL PROBLEM

WITH SOME POSSIBLE ANSWERS

CHEMICAL SNOW MELTING PROCESS



This ingenious solution requires the use of helicopters *which sprinkle the city with thousands of gallons of some* specially-developed chemical that melts snow and does not *permit it to freeze again. This solves the snow problem.*



Unfortunately, it does not solve the water problem, since there is no sewer system yet devised capable of handling that much melted snow at one time. Obviously, the present solutions to the problem of snow removal are inadequate.

*If Thelonious MONK had a brother, CHIP . . .

MAD'S ULTIMATE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF SNOW REMOVAL

THIS BRILLIANT IDEA IS OFFERED BY THE EDITORS—FREE—AS A PUBLIC SERVICE



When Weather Bureau predicts imminent snowstorm, police, civil defense corps, etc., see to it that all city streets and sidewalks are immediately evacuated.



Thousands of dump trucks, previously chartered for just such an emergency, are then driven in and parked on every square inch of city streets and sidewalks.

When blizzard strikes and snow begins falling, it merely fills up the trucks. Then, after the storm passes, all they do is drive away and dump their loads.



JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I

When Fidel (the man with the sword) ordered Antonio Prohias (the man with the pen) arrested for his anti-Castro cartoons, the Cuban artist fled to the U.S., where he now graces MAD's pages with . . .



SCREW-BALL IN THE BACK POCKET DEPT.

Once again, MAD presents the feature based on the proposition that you can tell an awful lot about a person when you study the contents of his wallet—like f'rinstance how good his lawyers are when they sue you for publishing personal stuff. Anyway, here's our *fictionalized version* of things we would *probably* find if we were to examine the contents of

CELEBRITIES' WALLETS

1962
AWARDS COMMITTEE
THE MOTION PICTURE ACADEMY
OF ARTS AND SCIENCES
Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Lewis:-

Thank you for once again volunteering for the "Academy Awards Show". We might be able to use you. However, we do feel that you are asking a little too much when you demand to be the Master of Ceremonies--and sing the five Nominated Songs--and open all the Envelopes while making funny faces.

Very truly yours,

Eugene Klotzberg

Eugene Klotzberg,
Chairman

Finster, Hagen and Schnook
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Dear Mr. Lewis:-

We realize that you have suffered a certain amount of hardship and financial reverses as a result of the break-up between you and our client, Mr. Dean Martin. However, we feel that your request is a bit unusual, and absolutely out of the question!

There is really no legal reason why he should pay you "Alimony"!

Sincerely yours,

Irving Finster

Irving Finster

SATURDAY
OCTOBER 15, 1949

THINGS TO DO TODAY

Ride downtown in a taxi while standing up through the "Sky View", hollering.
Butter somebody's necktie.
Doodle on somebody's shirtsleeve.
Nail somebody's shoes to the floor.
Cut somebody's suspenders with a scissor.
Drop bags of water out dressing room window.

SATURDAY
JANUARY 27, 1962

THINGS TO DO TODAY!

Show orchestra how to run through Gershwin number.
Fire script girl who coughed during my pantomime scene yesterday.
Order #400. "Director's Chair" from N.Y.
Lunch with Jerry Wald.
Order 14 new chamois-lined suits from Don Loper.
Help out Kazan with his 2nd scene

NAME: Jerry Lewis
ADDRESS: Hollywood Calif. & Newark N.J.
OCCUPATION Actor, Producer, Director, Singer, Comedian, Composer, Master of Ceremonies, Pantomimist, Orchestra Leader, Musical Arranger, Tap Dancer, Ballet Dancer, Dancer of Kazatsky at Weddings & Bar Mitzvahs, Recording Star, TV Producer, Talent Scout, Business Man, Author, Fund Raiser for Charities, Philosopher, Martyr, (continued on other side of card)


ME—AT THE AGE OF 10—A CRAZY, NUTTY KID!



ME—AT THE AGE OF 19—STILL A CRAZY, NUTTY KID!



ME—AND WHAT'S-HIS-NAME


ME—IN MY SENSATIVE PORTRAYAL OF "THE JAZZ SINGER" ON TV


ME—AS I AM TODAY—A MATURED TALENT!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

VARIETY
CLASSIFIED AD DEPT.

TO: Mr. Jerry Lewis #7838652

PLEASE REMIT $280.00

In payment for following ad, which has appeared every issue since November 8 as per your instructions, and will continue to run until we are notified otherwise. Please check if copy meets your specifications.

WANTED

TALL, GOOD-LOOKING SINGER who can take orders, to team up with established comedian as straight man. Immediate position available. Reply Box 79, Hollywood.

PROOF

Local 137
Restaurant Workers of America
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Lewis:-

Thank you for your informative letter. We were not aware that the help at "Dino's Restaurant", owned by a Mr. D. Martin, was non-union. We will of course set up picket lines immediately. You have done your duty as an American, a friend of Labor, and a member of your community.

Very truly yours,

Kenneth Rapieff

Kenneth Rapieff
33rd Vice President

GUESTING GAME DEPT.

MAD dedicates this next article to all those who have ever been nauseated by stale jokes, soggy hors d'oeuvres, warm beer, cold stares, dry conversation, wet blankets, loose gossip, and tight guests (both invited and uninvited)! In other words, let's take a quick look at—

the lighter side of



WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG



. . . If Joyce BROTHERS had a brother, LODGE . . .



ENTERTAINING

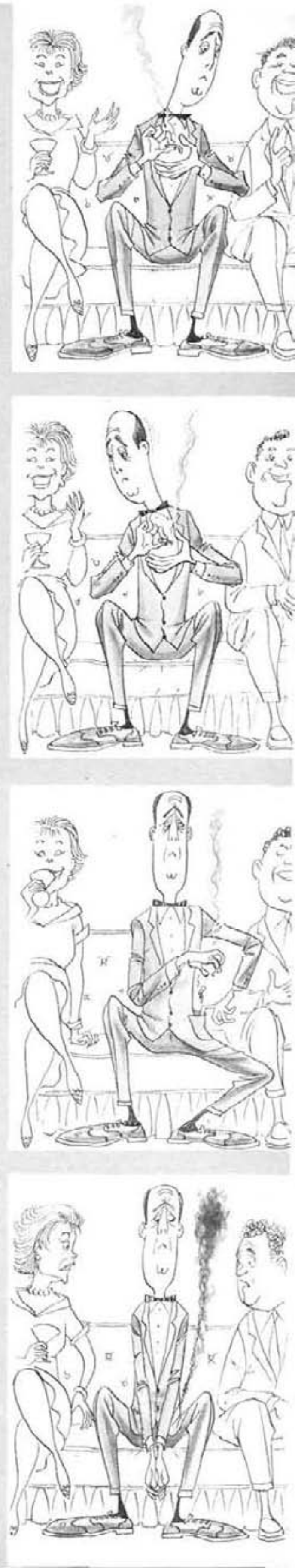






*If Alexander KNOX had a brother, FORD . . .







Shhhh . . .
Look at this! Grime on the floor . . .
And dust on the top of these cabinets . . .
And that garbage is so . . . so dirty!
What a messy housekeeper!!
A real slob!!
Ring
Oh . . .
Oh . . .
Excuse us a minute, folks. We'll be right back! We—er—forgot to turn off the porch light—or something!
Goodnight!
Goodnight!
Yakity—Yakity—Yak . . .
Yakity—Yakity—Yak . . .
Goodnight!
Goodnight!
Yakity—Yakity—Yak . . .
Yakity—Yakity—Yak . . .
GOOD MORNING!!



*If Loraine DAY had a sister, HOLLY . . .

SPECIAL DELIVERY DEPT.

It is interesting to note that every comedian approaches a subject in his own peculiar style. Witness the rash of astronaut "bits" that have been making the rounds recently—all different, and all pretty funny. This uniqueness of style and approach would still exist if, for example, six comedians were to tell the very same joke! To prove it, let's take a MAD look-listen at

six comics in search of a punchline

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: GARY BELKIN

HENNY YOUNGMAN

Two psychiatrists were walking down a hall, and one psychiatrist said to the other—"Hello!" And the other psychiatrist said—"Hmmm! I wonder what he meant by that!"



BOB



BILL DANA
(AS JOSE JIMEMEZ)



I would like to tell a hoke. A berry funny hoke. A hoke I once jeard tell by Jenny Youngman. It's a Jenny Youngman hoke—Two psychiatriss were walking down a jall an' one psychiatriss say to the other—"Jello!" An' the other psychiatriss, he say. "Jmmm! I wonder what flabor?"

. . . If Geraldine PAGE had a brother, TURNER . . .

NEWHART

Psychiatry is a very big industry today! Have—have you ever wondered what goes on in the mind of one of those industrial-psychiatrists at the end of a day? I'd—I'd like to show you what goes on in the mind of—of one of those industrial—psychiatrists—at the end of—a day . . .

(INTO CHARACTER)

Boy, I'm glad I'm rid of those nuts! Now to go home!

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

I'll—I'll just go down this corridor. Uh-oh! There's old Doctor Freen. He's—he's also going home. I—um—er—I'd better say 'Hello' to old Doctor Freen. W-Why should I? Let him say 'Hello' to me. N-no, he wants me to do that, so, he can feel superior. I-I know what I'll do. I-I'll confuse him completely. H-here he comes . . . (LOUDLY) Good-bye, Doctor Freen! . . . (PAUSE) . . . Hmmm! I wonder what I meant by that?

SAM LEVINSON



When I was a kid—*ha-ha*—remember?—*ha-ha!* Well, at that time Momma didn't know about psychiatry—*giggle-giggle!* But like all the mothers of her day, Momma was a psychiatrist in her own right—*ha-hah!* It's true! *Chortle-chortle!* Remember? Well, one day, Momma met another kid's Momma! And this Momma—*ha-hah!* said 'Hello' to my Momma. And my Momma didn't answer back. So—*chuckle-chuckle*—I asked Momma . . ."Momma, why didn't you answer 'Hello' when she said 'Hello'? *Ha-hah!* Now this is the beautiful part—and it's true—*giggle-giggle!* Momma said, "I didn't say 'Hello' to her 'Hello' because when she said her 'Hello', who knows what she meant?" *Giggle-guffaw-chortle-laugh*—

—It's true!

SHELLEY BERMAN



(PICKS UP PHONE, PUTS IT TO EAR, DIALS)

Hello? This is Doctor Schwartz! I'd like to speak to Doctor Miller . . . Schwartz! That's capital S-C-H-W-A-R-T-Z . . . Oh, you know how to spell Schwartz! . . . Doctor? . . . That's capital D-O-C-T-O-R! *You're welcome!* . . . *I'm* fine! . . . Fine! . . . Fine, thank you! Who am I talking to? . . . Oh, you're a recording! That's nice! . . . How are you? . . . oh, I'm fine! Fine, thank you! . . . No, there's no message! Just tell him I called to say 'Hello'! . . . Hello! Capital H-E-L-L-O! . . . He's a psychiatrist! Let him figure it out!! (HANGS UP)

MILTON BERLE

Two psychiatrists were walking down a hall, and one psychiatrist said to the other—"Hello!" And the other psychiatrist said—"Hmmm! I wonder what he meant by that!"



*If Joseph COTTEN had a brother, BAILIFF . . .

THE EDITORS OF MAD PRESENT

SOME VALENTINES WE

From a Housewife – to her Milkman

I've watched at dawn, while others sleep,
How to my step you softly creep
And bring those goodies by the score
To leave before my kitchen door.
Today, I plan that we should meet–
(Me in my robe and cold bare feet;
You in your coat of dazzling white!)–
To tell you of my heart's sad plight.
Yes, on this day of lovers, dear,
I want to draw you very near
And whisper words just meant for you:
"I'll take three quarts instead of two!"



From a Dentist – to his Lady Patient

My pressure leaps when I behold
Your fitted bridge, your crown of gold;
I find it hard to concentrate
When I adjust your lower plate;
Your caries set my heart on fire,
My poor head spins, my palms perspire.
You have a strange effect on me;
Oh, tell me, dear, what can it be?
Can it be love? No, that's not right!
It isn't love . . . it's *fear!* YOU BITE!



From A BARTENDER – to his LADY CUSTOMER



Each day, when I unlock the bar,
I know you'll soon be near
To crawl upon your favorite stool
And order gin and beer.
Your wish is my command, sweetheart;
You get the very best
Imported wines and liquors, 'cause
You are my favorite guest.
But there's a little secret
I think it's time you knew:
And so, today, I'll whisper, "Lush–
Your bar bill's *overdue!*"

If Henry SILVA had a brother, STERLING . . .

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE   WRITER: JIMMIE HODGES-FITZGERALD

SELDOM GET TO SEE

From A BOSS— to his SECRETARY



Oh, lady of my heart's delight,
Can you "work late" with me tonight?
First we will dine at some swank spot
Where lights are low, and music's hot.
I need the proper atmosphere
To make my proposition clear.
I have a lot I want to do,
And, Hon, it all depends on you.
By the way, I thought I'd mention,
So you'll know my true intention:
Tho you may think it's a crime,
I plan to pay no over-time!

From A Rich Old Man—To His Upstairs Maid

Fetch my robe and slippers, quick!
I think I am getting sick!
Stir the fire! I must nap!
Take my paper from my lap!
Turn the lamp down! Pull the shade!
Has my feather bed been made?
Brew some tea—three sugars, please!
Kleenex, quick! I'm going to sneeze!
Put the cat out! Lock the door!
Rub my neck a little more!
Rush and get my large pink pill!
I think I am getting ill!
Tuck me in, and dim the light!
One more thing, YOU'RE FIRED! Good night!



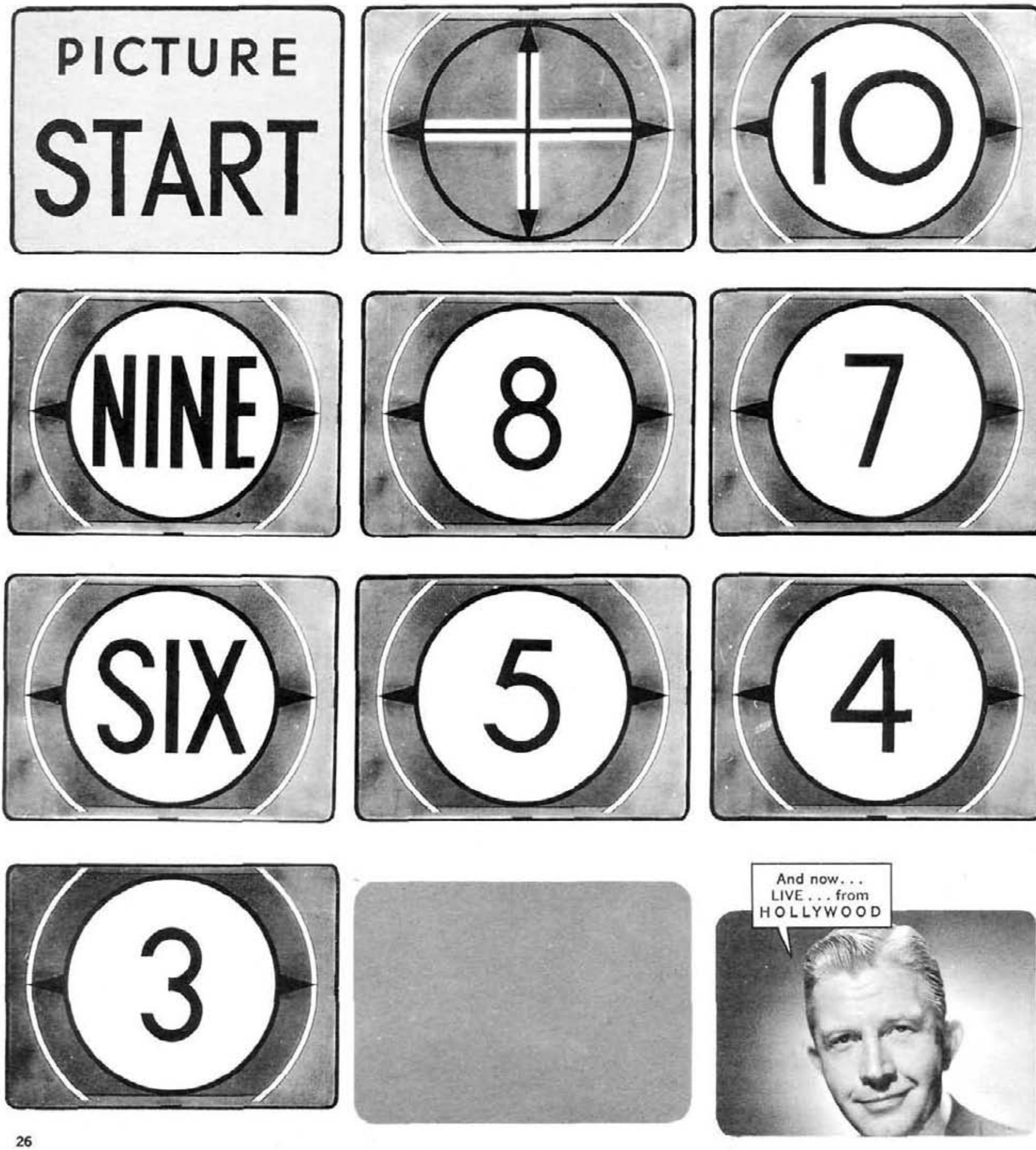
From A Mortician—to his Female Assistant



Oh, lady of the rubber gloves
And antiseptic gown;
Of drainage tubes and bits of wire,
And pensive little frown;
Oh, lady of the steady hand
And nerves of tempered steel—
How can I ever tell you, Love,
Exactly how I feel?
We've been through much together, Sweet,
We've both worked side by side
Preparing all our clients for
That quiet, final ride,
It's nat'ral that I love you, Dear!
It's right that I should care!
You are the only girl I've seen
Without a glassy stare!

•If Brandon DeWILDE had a brother, CARL F. . . .

A TV SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE



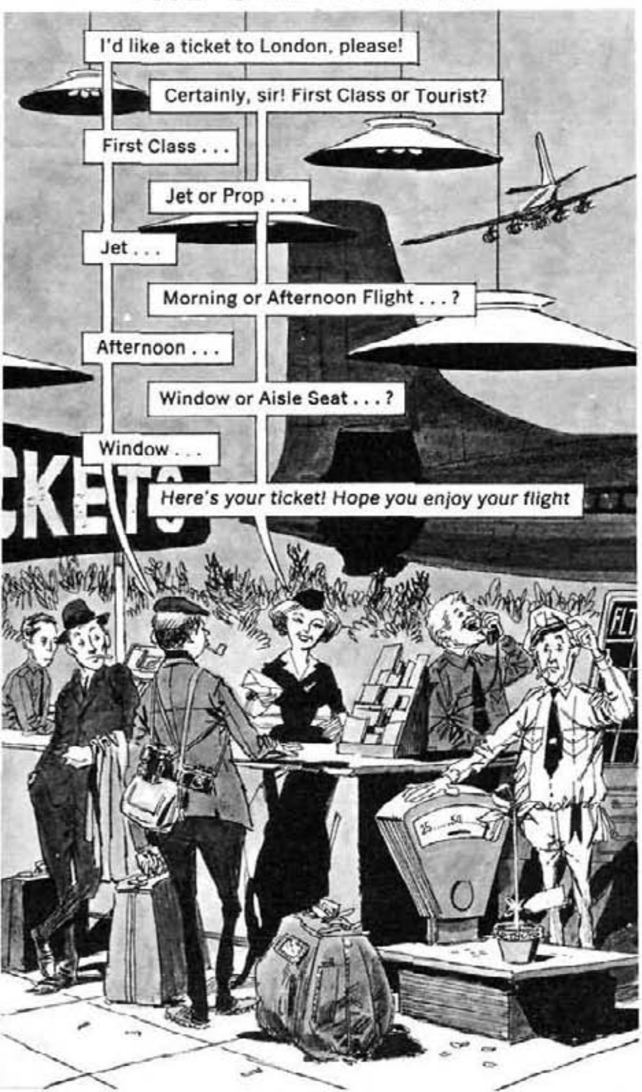
YOU AIN'T SEEN NUTHIN' JET DEPT.

Recently, a major airline initiated a policy of showing movies to its first class passengers while in flight. So now, instead of sitting there frightened and anxious, air travelers can sit there frightened, anxious and *bored!* Suprisingly, the idea is proving popular. (People obviously *like* to be bored!) We at MAD figure it's only a matter of time before the other airlines follow suit, and the whole thing gets typically out of hand. So, while the Wright brothers whirl in their graves, here we go with a nervous look at the future of Aviation's newest (and most ridiculous) gimmick...

MOVIES IN FLIGHT

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: SY REIT

THE OLD WAY...

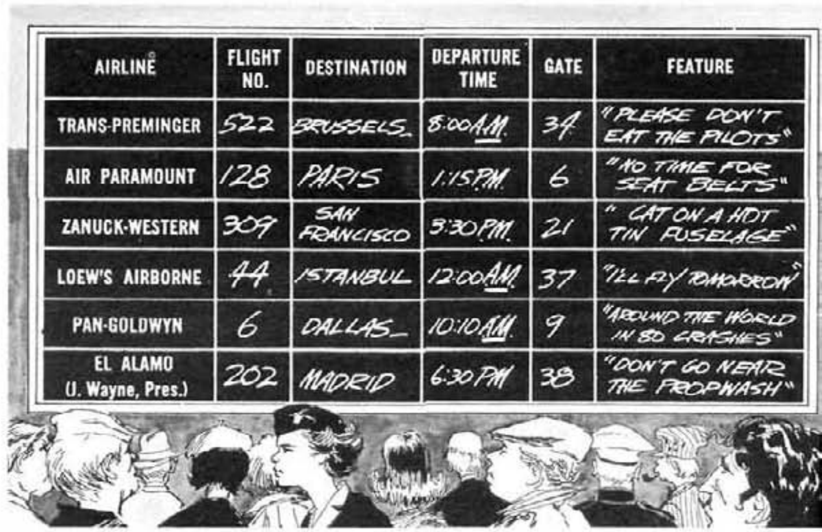


THE NEW WAY...



ONCE "MOVIES IN FLIGHT" CATCHES ON,











•If Fred ASTAIRE had a brother, CLYME . . .







WE CAN EXPECT SITUATIONS LIKE THESE . . .



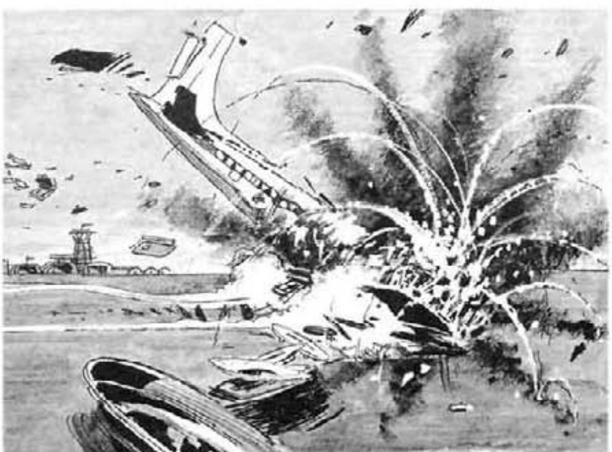




. . . If Orson WELLES had a brother, ARTESIAN . . .









NOTES TO YOU DEPT.

SOME PAGES FROM A SATIRIST'S

Once there was a man who was terribly unhappy because he was so short. His inferiority complex became so bad that he sought the help of a psychiatrist.

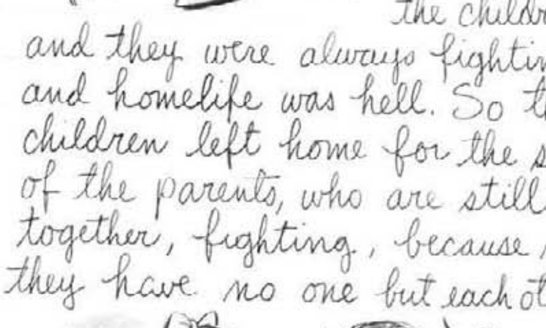


The good doctor managed to convince him that height was no obstacle, and that many short men had gone on to become millionaires. So now the man feels twice as bad as before because he's not only short... but poor!

There was once a family that was very unhappy because the



Momma and Poppa did not love each other and were only staying together for the sake of the children, and they were always fighting, and homelife was hell. So the children left home for the sake of the parents, who are still together, fighting, because now they have no one but each other.



NOTEBOOK

BY HOWARD SCHNEIDER
WITH PICTURES BY Clarke



Once there was a little boy who loved to sit in the bird bath in his parents' garden. No manner of persuasion could break him of this practice. And so, one quiet evening, his parents removed the bird bath from the garden. The next morning, when the boy discovered what they'd done... he flew away!





The story is told of a young commercial artist who, after years of starving, suddenly became an overnight success. His work was constantly in demand, and he commanded a fee of $30. an hour.

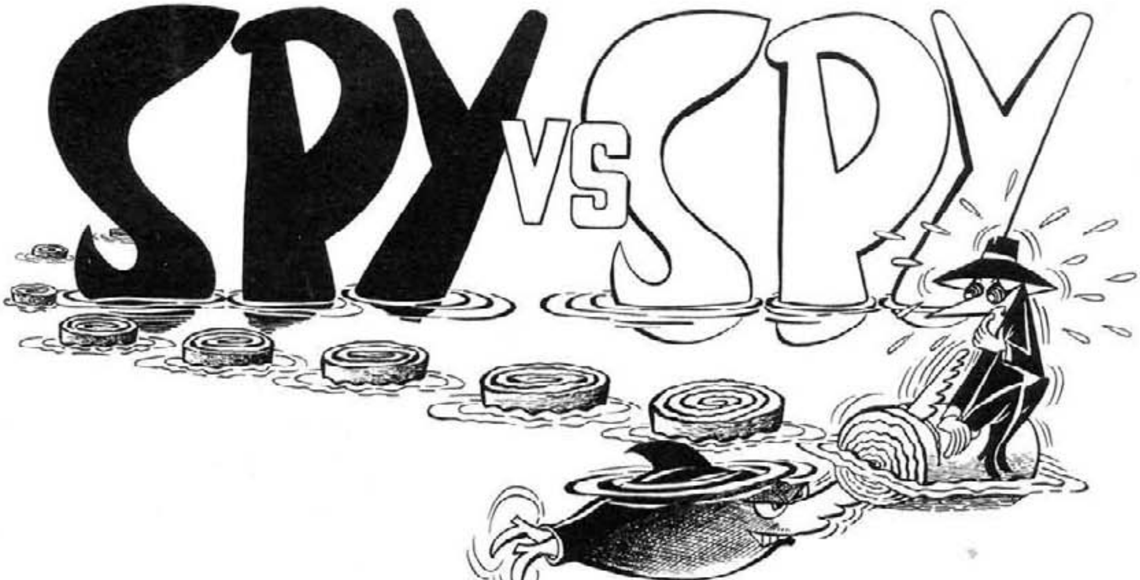


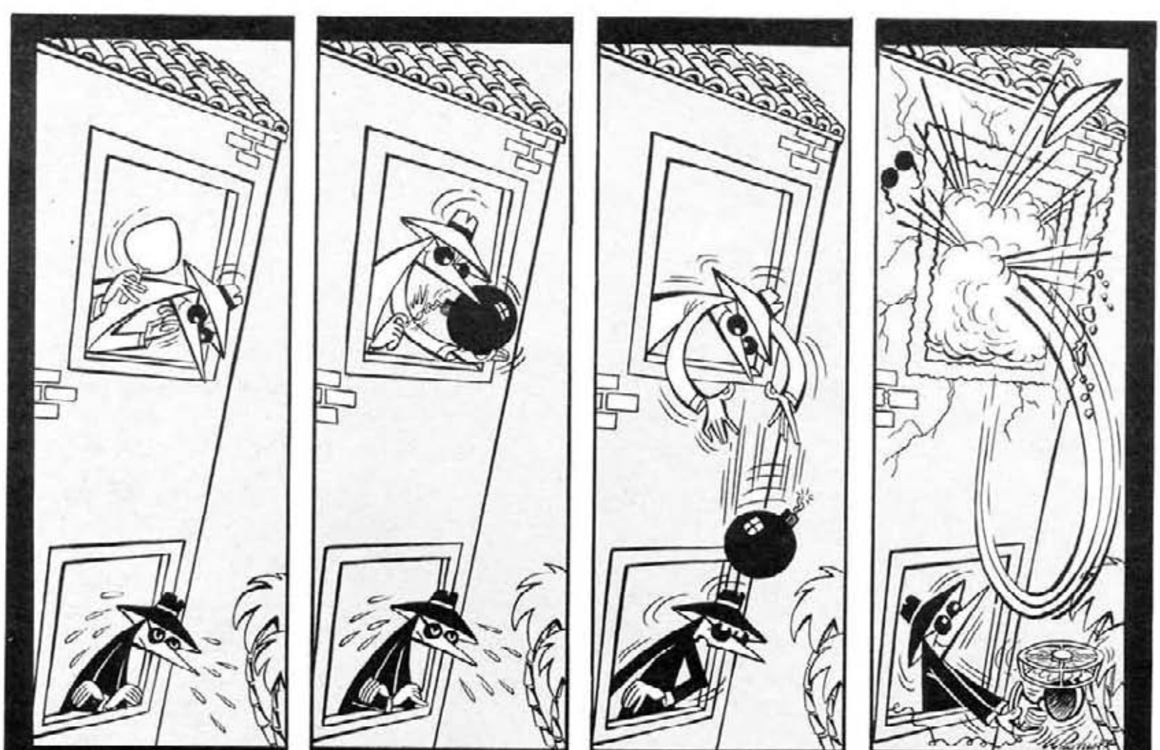
However, not being used to earning so much money, he soon discovered that a one-hour lunch cost him $30... a six hour nap cost him $180. ... and a ten-minute coffee break cost him exactly $5. So he gave them all up and worked himself to an early death... but he left a huge estate!





Here's another installment of that friendly rivalry between the man in black and the man in white, both dedicated to the "cause" . . . of outwitting each other as —





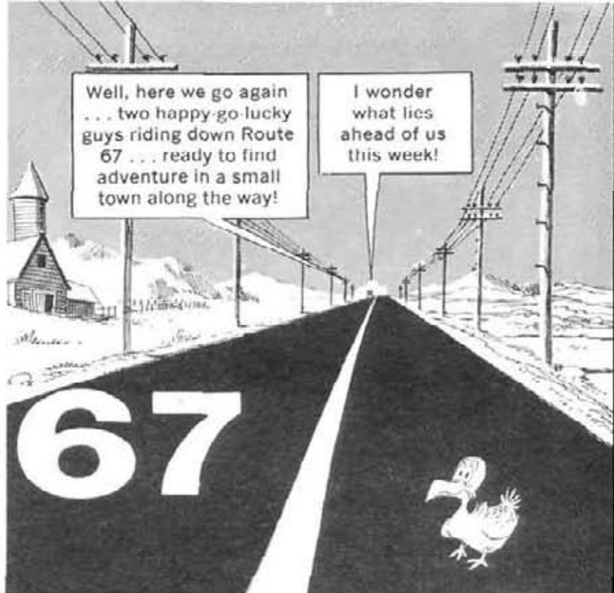
*If Henry HULL had a brother, WATT D. . . .

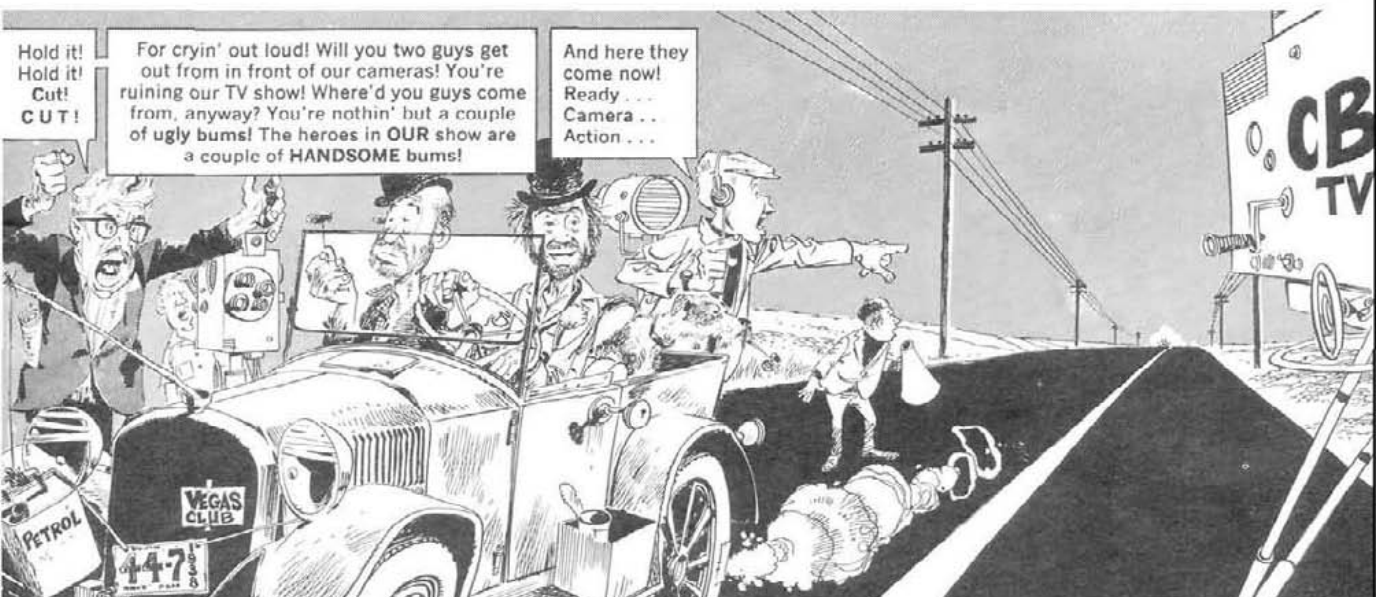
BUMS AWAY DEPT.

In real life, if two unemployed clods roamed aimlessly around the country week after week, butting into people's lives, one of two things would happen to them. They'd either be arrested as vagrants, or they'd be shot by citizens who value their privacy. But put these same two clods on TV, and what happens to them? They become heroes! You guessed it! We're talking about those two big heroes (and big bums) who appear on that weekly television series called

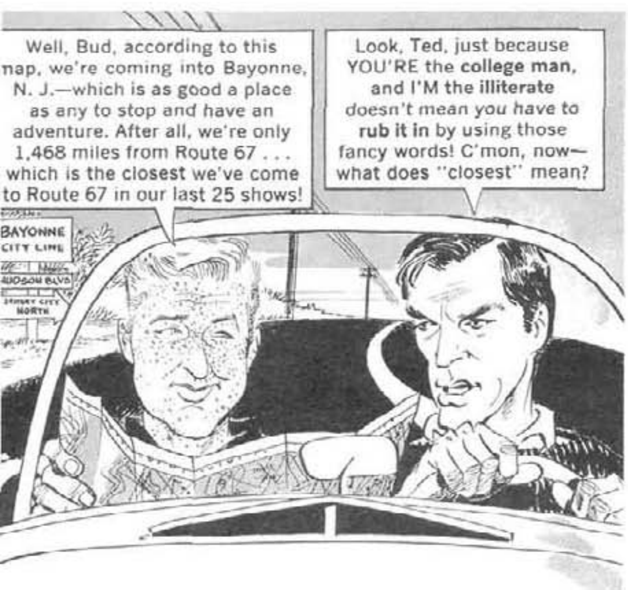
Route 67

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER   WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL





*If Deborah KERR had a sister, KITTY . . .






Excuse me, Madame! My handsome, illiterate friend and I are sort of wandering TV philosophers and psychologists. We ride up and down Route 67—except for a few 1,500 mile detours—helping miserable people solve their problems. Is there any little thing we can do for you—like finding a lost husband, solving financial problems, addressing the UN assembly?
Problems? I have no problems! I've got the kindest husband and the three most wonderful children in the world. Every once in a while, I get so overcome with happiness that I just break down like this . . . and cry for joy!
But surely, you must have SOME problems! Like a little insanity in the family, or the early stages of a disease! It doesn't have to be anything big!
G'wan! Get out of here, you trouble-makers! If you're not gone in one minute, I'll call the police!
•If Evelyn KEYES had a brother, DON . . .
Boy! Talk about ingrates! Well . . . if at first you don't succeed . . . Hey, Bud! I think we've struck oil! Look at that landlord over there, dispossessing that poor old guy!
Yeah! Yeah! I see! That looks like something right up our alley! I'm so . . . so . . . what's the word I want? Gee, Ted, I wish I was educated like you, so I could express myself! I'm so . . . HAPPY! That's it! HAPPY! Tell me, Ted, did I use the word right?
Pardon me, old fellow! My partner and I couldn't help noticing that your furniture is out on the street, and that you're being dispossessed by your cruel landlord! Can we help you fight this heartless man in some way? We'll do ANYTHING! If necessary, we'll even live with you right here on the street all week and share your misery!
What kind misery? All my furniture is out on the street so they can paint my apartment! Mr. Fedish insists upon painting my apartment every six months! Get out of here, you bums! Don't you dare try to come between me and my beloved landlord!
I don't know, Ted! I think we're in a bad town! 28 people have already told us they are completely happy! What's this world coming to, anyway?
What do you say we take off for Las Vegas? THERE they got troubles!
No—come to think of it! Las Vegas is a little TOO CLOSE to Route 67! We'll ruin the format of our show!
We're not giving up on Bayonne yet, Bud! There must be problems here SOMEWHERE! And there's one way to find them! The Madison Avenue way! ADVERTISING and PUBLICITY!!!
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT WHEN I SAID MAKE A TURN!
67
PERSONALS
TWO FAMOUS, HANDSOME TV BUMS, part-time philosophers and psychologists, desperately anxious to meet nice respectable Bayonne men and women with problems. Problems should be dramatic ones, preferably involving big-name stars. If none of these are available, will consider best offer. Write Box 542.



Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight we have two noted visitors to Bayonne who are looking for people with problems. Now would you two bums—er—**guys** be good enough to tell our audience in what way you're *both **qualified** for your jobs as* **TV Problem-Solvers . . . ?**
Well, speaking for myself, all I can say is: If people can't turn to a young, sincere, handsome guy with cute freckles running up and down his face, who **CAN** they turn to in these troubled times?
As for me . . . well, I'm sort of a **lovable illiterate!** The kind most of our TV viewers can **identify** with!
If Ann SOUTHERN had a brother, WINDSOR . . .
TED STOOLS & BUD MUDROCK
TALENTED YOUNG TV SOCIAL WORKERS, FAMILY COUNSELORS AND PROFESSIONAL VAGRANTS
APPEARING DAILY
FOR A LIMITED ENGAGEMENT IN
BAYONNE
URGENTLY NEED PROBLEMS TO SOLVE. RATES REASONABLE, JUST LIKE ON "SURFSIDE 6" AND "77 SUNSET STRIP"—MAINLY, NO MONEY DOWN AND NOTHING TO PAY US IN THE FUTURE . . . PROVIDING YOU'RE A YOUNG BEAUTIFUL GIRL, OR A CLOSE RELATIVE OF ONE!
Bud, I'm afraid this town is a **dud!** Nobody seems to need us! Well, I know when I'm licked! Let's get some sleep and hit the road first thing in the morning!
Okay—if you promise to read to me from "Peter Rabbit" tonight. I can do okay myself with the **capitals**—but when I get to the **small letters—MURDER!**
Fellows! You've got to **help** me! I'm **desperate!** My father is an incurable alcoholic, my brother was arrested for robbing a gas station, my mother ran off with the exterminator, the mortgage on our house is due, we have no money, and all we get is one snowy channel on our TV set! **Please** come over to my house at 145 Elm St. at 8:00 tonight and **solve my problems . . .**
Miss, you have no idea how **happy** you've just made us! We'll be over at 8:00! What time is it now, Bud?
Let's see . . . the **big** hand is on the **twelve** and the **little** hand is on the four! I guess that means it's **ten to six**—right, Ted?
No, but you're **pretty close!** It looks like that High School Correspondence Course you're taking through the match-book ad is really starting to pay off! Now, here's what we'll do, Bud. We'll pick up some **odd jobs**—you know, like we **always** do in a new town—and we'll meet at the girl's house at 8:00. Let me see—I guess I'll **pluck** some **chickens** this time. Why don't you do a little **nuclear propulsion research** work?

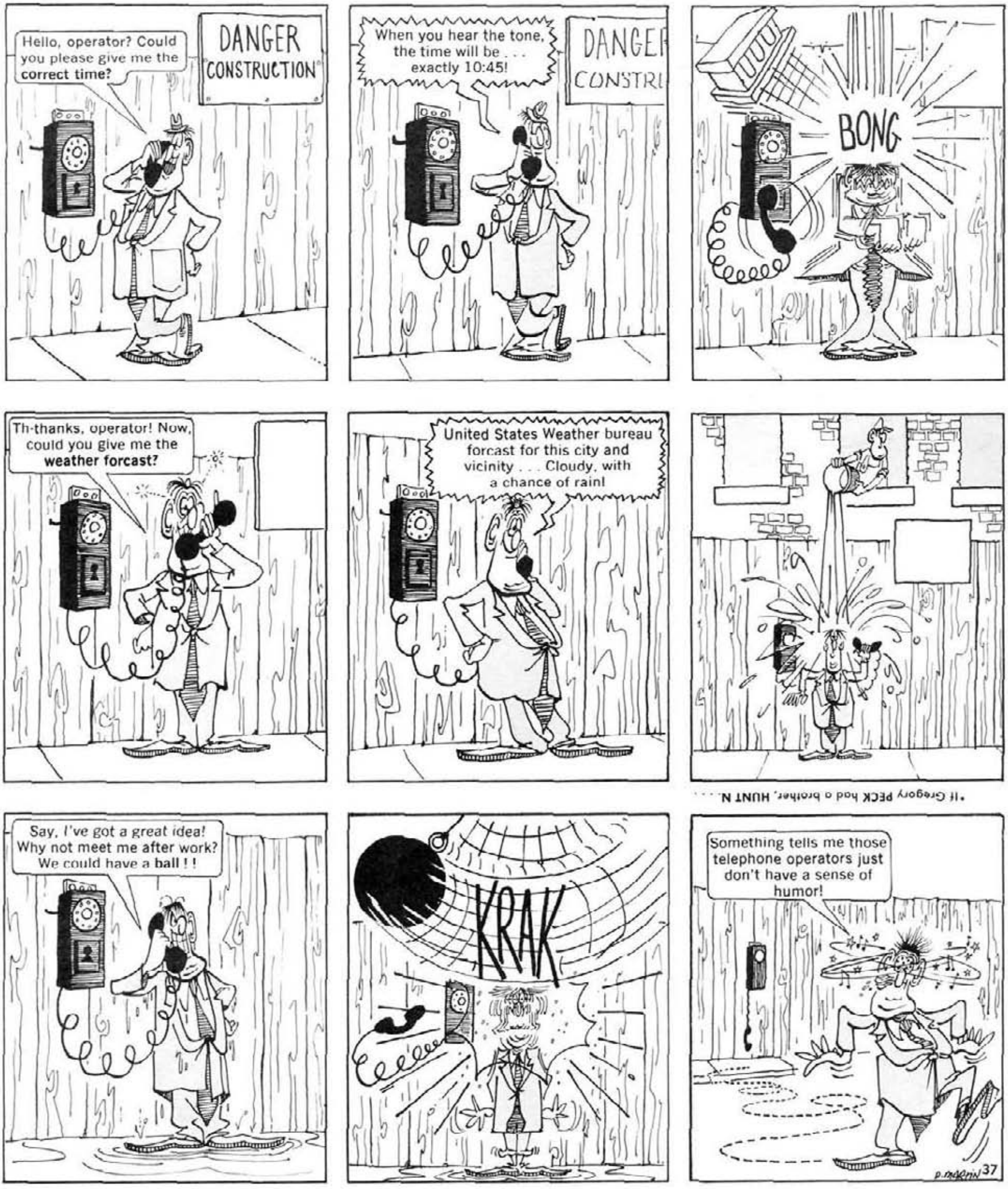


Well, here we are, Miss—raring to go with your problems! Now here's what we plan to do . . .
This is your step-father, right? The guy who drinks? All right, we're going to put him in a hospital for a rest cure, and pay all the bills!
As for your brother, who robbed the gas station—well, WE'RE going to take the rap for him, and go to jail in his place!
Now, as far as your mother is concerned—
Fellows, I'm terribly sorry—but you're a little too late! Somebody dropped in a few hours ago and already solved all my problems!
But . . . but that's not fair! You promised us! I knew it, Ted! I knew we shouldn't have trusted her this afternoon! I knew we should have made her cross her heart and kiss her fingers up to the sky before we accepted the assignment!
Hey, Miss! What kind of a dirty deal is this, anyway? Where is this double-crossing rat who beat us to the punch and solved all your problems?
In the next room!
Why it's MARY WURTH!
Mary! What are you doing on TV? Get back to your comic strip—where you belong!
Hello, boys! I knew that one of these days our paths were bound to cross! After all, we're both in the same racket . . . solving idiotic soap opera problems.
Aw, c'mon, Mary! This isn't fair! We can't compete with an old "pro" like you!
Yeah! Give us a break, Mary! Why muscle into our TV territory? There's enough misery in the world to go around for all of us!
I'm surprised at you boys! Two such nice big strapping fellows! You should be ashamed of yourselves! Why aren't you out with the other handsome young TV characters doing "Private Eye" work? Why aren't you doing normal, healthy TV things like shooting, stabbing, punching, kicking and kissing, instead of engaging in old woman's work!? There's no doubt about it! You need help . . . badly!
. If Miyoshi UMEKI had a brother, HOW MUSH MONI . . .
Now here's the way I see things in my meddlesome way! You were both coddled by your parents, so now you have this insatiable longing for freedom. And that's why you've become traveling bums. As for this obsession to help other people—well, it's really an unconscious desire to help yourselves. What I suggest is that you both get married and settle down in a cute situation comedy . . .
Now, I know two nice girls, Muriel and Bernice, who are dying to get married. They live right off Route 67 . . . about 1600 miles right off it . . . over in the East Bronx. What you do is make a left turn at the next traffic light, and . . .
YOU ARE NOW LEAVING BAYONNE

DON MARTIN DEPT. II

Don Martin tells us why he quit the "Don Ameche Fan Club" . . . mainly last time he used . . .

THE TELEPHONE



MICROFOLK DEPT.

In response to many requests (mostly from germs), the editors of MAD once again present a close-up look at that wonderful world-within-a-world . . . in

ANOTHER MAD Peek Through The MICROSCOPE

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: PHIL HAHN



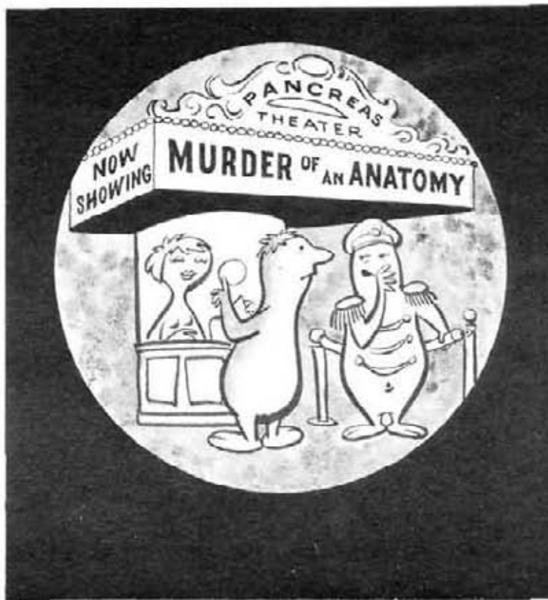
Curious! It appears to be some sort of invisible shield!!



Isn't that disgusting! One lousy bit part in a "Stripe" commercial...and he goes Hollywood on us!



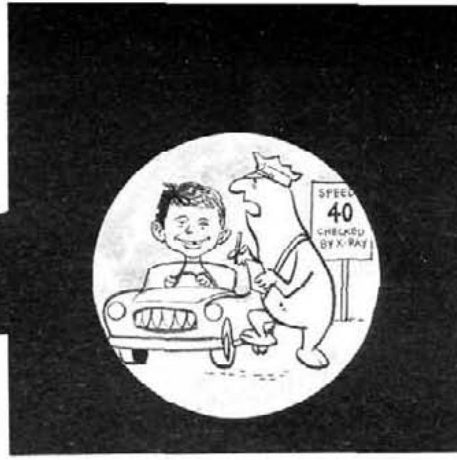
To arms! To arms! The Miracle Drugs are coming!



The bacteria did it!

If Marjorie MAIN had a brother, CHOW . . .





Okay, Buster!
Where's the
heartburn!?



My problem is this recurring nightmare in which I discover I'm not a germ at all . . . just a psychosomatic illusion!



Then, Gentlemen, when you reach this point, a sneeze will automatically eject you, and you will be orbiting in outer space! Any questions?



Whattya say
we all go
down t'de
Stomach
. . . an' start
a rumble!?



HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

Scenes We'd Like to See

The Abominable Snowman



ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

*If Anthony QUINN had a brother, MANNY . . .

Some time ago, MAD looked into the subject of House Organs — those magazines published by and for the employees of large corporations like United States Steel, International Business Machines, and North American Veeblefetzer. In this article, we return to North American Veeblefetzer for their version of another important corporation publication — the one in which management tells stockholders something about what they've been up to all year. Here, then, is

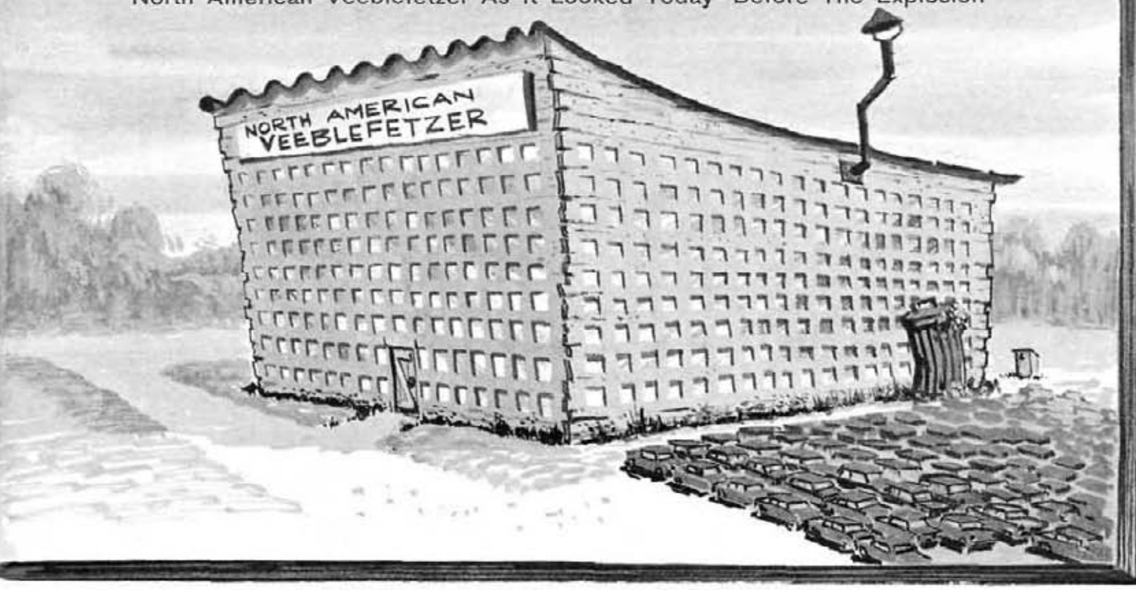


North American Veeblefetzer As It Looked Fifty Years Ago—Before The Explosion

THE NORTH AMERICAN VEEBLEFETZER CORPORATION

1961 ANNUAL REPORT

North American Veeblefetzer As It Looked Today—Before The Explosion



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: DON REILLY



Ebeneezer Sternwallow—Founder and Chairman of the Board

FOUNDER'S MESSAGE

As I've always said about these confounded annual reports in the past, I don't hold much with running off at the mouth in print. Bad for business, I say, to let the other fellow know what you're up to. If I had my way, I'd still be keeping the books on my shirt tails, and sticking what was left at the end of the year in the mattress where it'd be safe from all them blood-sucking bankers and Income Tax bozos down in Washington. Instead, the whole business is being run by a bunch of young whippersnappers these days, and nothing can happen around here without them letting the whole world in on it, including you nosey stockholders. Private enterprise, my foot!

One thing nice, though, they always send along a red balloon and a popsicle with my lunch every day. They tell me that one of those popsicles is liable to have a "prize stick" in it, which I can turn in for a "free" one. I doubt it though. Nothing's free in this world. Leastwise, I never got anything for nothing in my day. And you can be goldurned sure I never *gave* anything away for nothing either. You know the old saying, "A fool and his money . . . etc. "Well, if you ask me, I think they're running this company like a bunch of $%&#'&#$% . . .

Ebeneezer Sternwallow

EBENEEZER STERNWALLOW
FOUNDER AND CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

As all of you wonderful stockholders can see by Dad's message, our salty old "Captain" has adopted the "humorous touch" since he was forced into semi-retirement—*heh-heh*! Never fear, though . . . the "Old Man", as we've called him affectionately for years, still retains that razor-sharp business acumen which enabled him to build North American Veeble-fetzer almost single-handedly into the magnificent corporate vessel that sails the stormy sea of commerce today.

Once again, we here at North American Veeblefetzer extend the hand of industrial brotherhood to you, our stockholders, in hopes that this 1961 Annual Report will, in some measure, bring those of you who are on the "home front" valiantly clipping coupons a little closer to those of us on the management team who are in the "front-line trenches" valiantly padding expense accounts.

Yes, stockholders of North American Veeblefetzer, your management team is always aware that this is YOUR corporation. Whatever plans we make, whatever schemes we come up with, whatever action we take is always with *you in mind!* So you can bet your life we're mighty careful!

Elihu Sternwallow

ELIHU STERNWALLOW
PRESIDENT



Elihu Sternwallow – President

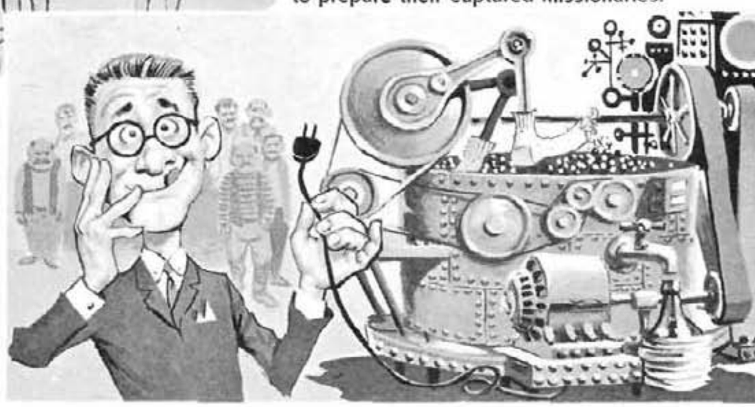
North American Veeblefetzer Circles The Globe...

OVERSEAS OPERATIONS



In 1961, our African Division helped bring progress and civilization to a tribe of cannibals who for years have been capturing missionaries and other white men, and cooking them in large earthenware vats. It seems incredible that such barbarism could still exist in this day and age, but thanks to our Area Representative, these natives now use our complete line of Veeblefetzer Stainless Steel Kettles and Cookware ***to prepare their captured missionaries.***

In 1961, the village of Inner Labonza, Italy, one of the world's great wine-producing centers, asked our company to bring their wine-processing methods up to date. North American Veeblefetzer engineers designed and installed a new 10,000 gallon electric wine-presser to replace the old "foot power" method. Remarkable as this machine is, however, Project Inner Labonza cannot be called ***a complete success, because on the day*** **of its test run, the mayor informed us that Inner Labonza had no electricity.**



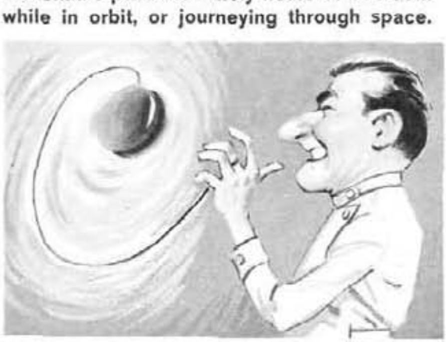
Veeblefetzer In Space...

RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT



North American Veeblefetzer's team of crack ***scientists and researchers (pictured above)*** **are brilliant, dedicated men working on the very frontiers of the exciting new space age.**

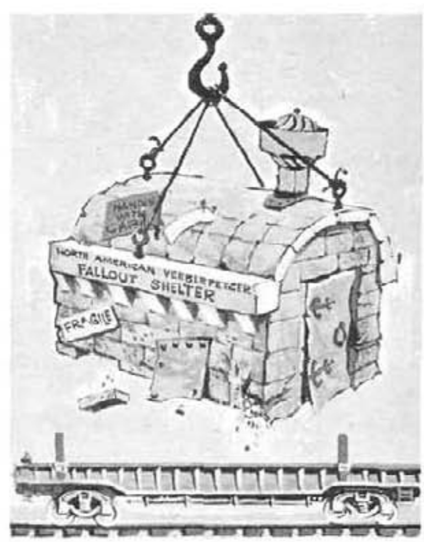
Their current project—the development of a "Spaceman's Yo-Yo" which will function in a state of weightlessness to help our American ***Astronauts pass the lonely hours of boredom*** **while in orbit, or journeying through space.**



Facing The Future With Confidence...

NEW PRODUCTS

While storm brewed on the International scene, and the nation's citizens became more and more fearful of atomic war, we at North American Veeblefetzer kept our heads and capitalized on the widespread panic by introducing a line of backyard Fallout Shelters. We really had planned to test these shelters for strength and durability before we marketed them, but the demand has been so great that we've had to forego the test before time ran out . . . that is, before the crisis was over and we found ourselves stuck with the goods. In any event, we can't lose, because if an attack should come, and our shelters prove inadequate, there is little likelihood that those occupying them will be around to raise a fuss and besmirch the fair name of our company!



AT NORTH AMERICAN VEEBLEFETZER EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING . . . EVEN A MUSHROOM SHAPED ONE



North American Veeblefetzer At Home . . .

COST CONTROL



Our Cost Control Division constantly strives to improve profits and protect your dividends by devising ingenious ways to save the company money. In 1961, they developed a cigarette-butt reconditioner which processes employees' discarded cigarette butts so that they can be re-sold in our own machines in packs that look like the real thing.



The weekly accumulation and collection of garbage in the company cafeteria used to be an expensive item until Cost Control tackled the problem. Now, we not only save on the price of garbage removal, but we get one day's supply of food for the cafeteria free . . . ever since we started to serve what is laughingly called "Veeblefetzer Goulash."

TIME AND MOTION STUDIES

By studying the traffic patterns and physical movements of our workers as they perform their various jobs, the Time and Motion Studies Division was able to devise invaluable shortcuts and time-saving suggestions to speed production. For instance, they found that 100 assembly line workers spent an average of 5 minutes each in the Men's Room every day. That was 500 minutes, or 40 man-hours lost every week. Their solution was so simple – they just boarded up the Men's Room!



ANOTHER HUGE SAVING

Another tremendous saving was effected when it was decided to eliminate the 1961 Annual Christmas Party because your management discovered that one of the parking lot attendants was a Mohammedan. This was in line with our strict company policy of non-discrimination.



Parking Lot Attendant
Turhan Guantanamo Bey
Hired – Dec. 22, 1961

LABOR-MANAGEMENT RELATIONS

Our founder, Ebeneezer Sternwallow, always said, "The only contract I need with an employee is a handshake!" (And he always got a hearty laugh at Board Meetings when he added: "Besides, there's nothing in writing that way!") We have to admit that, in recent years, we've been hearing a lot of radical talk about Unions at North American, but so far our generous Employee Profit Sharing Plan has headed off any such drastic turn of events. Pictured below are some of our happy employees with the wonderful items they were able to buy with their Profit-Shares upon their retirement.

HARVEY HANDEL—Bookkeeping
(30 Years Service)

Harvey displays his life-long dream-come-true, a brand new parchesi set.



MAY BULSH—Accounts Receivable
(35 Years Service)

May shows off the new carpet sweeper she purchased with her profit-shares.



SAM STUMP—Parts Inventory
(42 Years Service)

Sam holds his retirement nest-egg—a one-way ticket to St. Petersburg, Fla.



Spreading The North American Veeblefetzer Spirit . . .

PUBLIC RELATIONS PROJECTS

One of our most successful ventures into "Human Relations" during 1961 was the Christmas party that North American Veeblefetzer threw for all the underprivileged children in the town of Veeblefetzerville. An unexpected warm note was struck when it was discovered that all the youngsters at the party were the children of Veeblefetzer employees.



Here is President Sternwallow as Santa Claus, opening his *bundle of joy and happiness, and distributing toys to all* the happy underprivileged children of Veeblefetzerville.



Here is President Sternwallow as himself, taking the toys back from all the little tykes so the gala affair can be repeated next year at no additional cost to stockholders.

North American Veeble-People At Work . . .

PERSONNEL DIVISION



Chuck Steak, our dynamic Personnel Manager, is affectionately known by the boys in the plant as "The Joseph Goebbels of The Fink & Spy Gestapo." "That only proves I'm doing a good job!", says good-natured Chuck, who is shown here with a few of the information-gathering devices that an effecient Personnel Manager relies on to keep him in close touch with the *yearnings and aspirations of all of our* Veeblefetzer employees. "The main thing in my job," smiles Chuck, "is to really like the people you rat on!"



North American Veeble-People At Play . . .

SOCIAL HIGHLIGHTS OF 1961

President Elihu Sternwallow makes a Junior Executive's wife feel welcome at the "Newcomers' Barbecue Cookout," which is held annually at the lovely Sternwallow Estate.



At the "Half-Century Club Dinner," Moe Grommet, 47 years as a pipefitter, is presented with his trusty old plunger which Mr. Sternwallow personally arranged to have dipped in bronze. At this point, there wasn't a dry eye in the house, and Moe—well, all we can say is he was speechless.

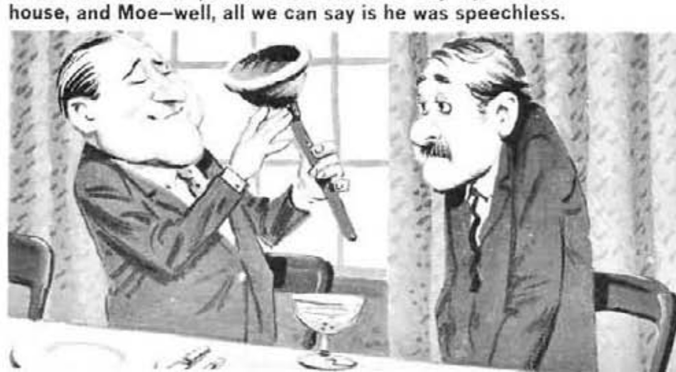
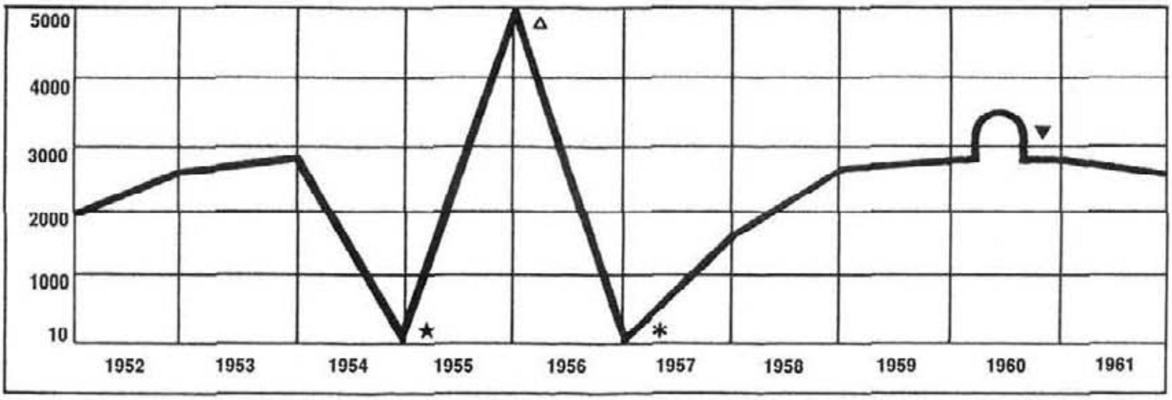


CHART SHOWING NUMBER OF STOCKHOLDERS IN NORTH AMERICAN VEEBLEFETZER



★ Flash flood hits Miami Beach Hotel scene of 1954 Stockholders' Meeting
△ North American Veeblefetzer gets contract to manufacture "I Like Ike" buttons
✱ Ten million "I Like Ike" buttons manufactured with "Ike" misspelled
▼ Nothing happened here; artist just hiccupped

THE ANNUAL STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

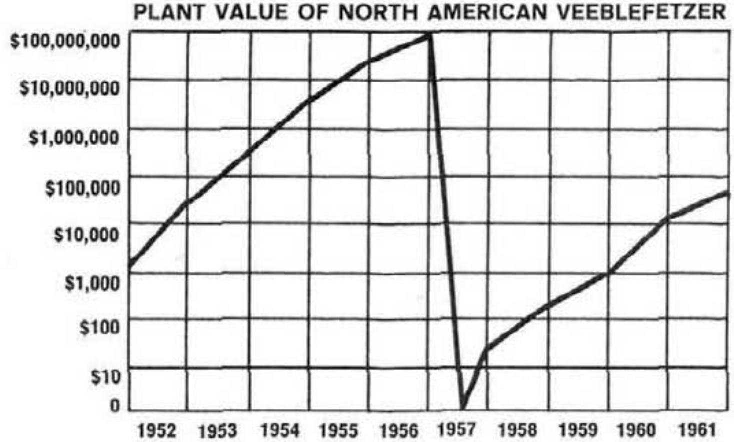
As some of you may recall, things got a trifle out of hand at last year's Annual Stockholder's Meeting. It seems that a number of you felt the dividend should have been larger. We really thought that it was rather sizeable in view of some of the heavy expenses incurred during that year. For example, there were our President's alimony payments, and all those gift baskets to our Executives serving jail terms for price-fixing. At any rate, we will request that all our elderly female shareholders check their canes, umbrellas, and knitting needles at the door this year in order that we may avoid a repetition of the unseemly disturbance pictured in this photo—which was taken at last year's meeting.



WHAT HAPPENS TO THE VEEBLEFETZER DOLLAR?



PLANT VALUE OF NORTH AMERICAN VEEBLEFETZER



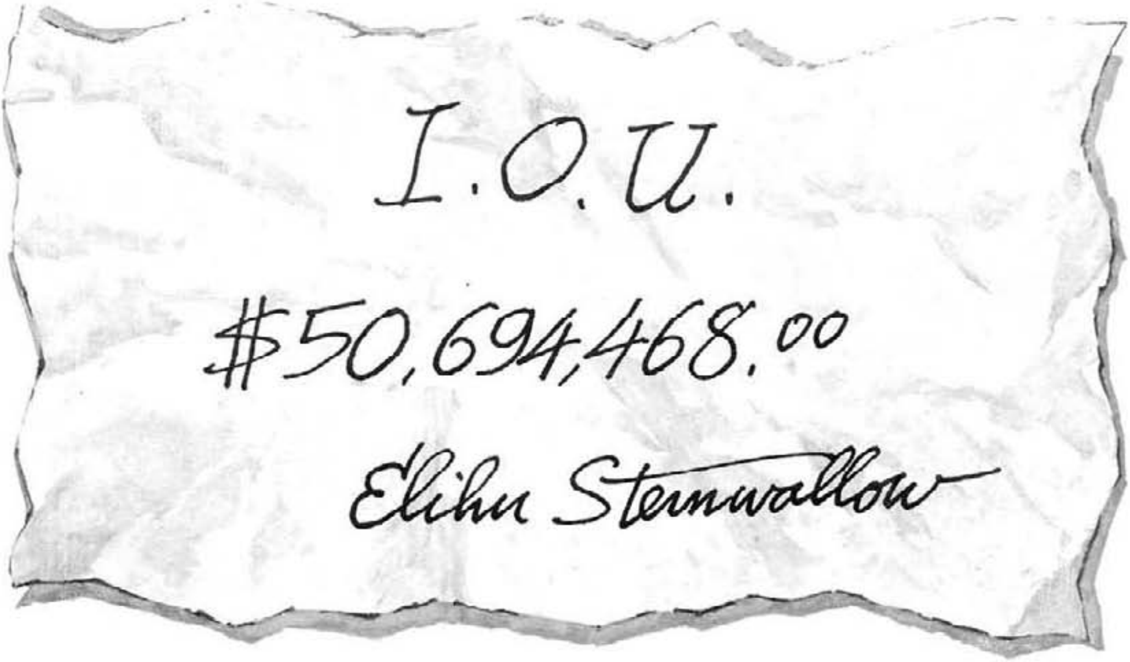
*SUDDEN DEPRECIATION IN PLANT VALUE IN 1957 WAS RESULT OF CIGAR BUTT BEING TOSSED INTO EXPLOSIVE CHEMICAL VAT DURING EXECUTIVE TOUR OF PLANT

NORTH AMERICAN VEEBLEFETZER CORPORATION

FINANCIAL STATEMENT*

FISCAL YEAR—1961

SALES AND OTHER INCOME.. $50,694,468.00



*TREASURER'S NOTE: The annual Financial Statement is customarily submitted to the President for his approval. However, when we called for this signed statement, we found the above slip of paper on the President's desk.

PRESIDENT'S CLOSING COMMENTS*

*At the end of each year's Annual Report, it has been the custom to close with a few parting words from our President. However, strange as it seems, we were unable to locate Mr. Sternwallow as our deadline drew near. Then, two days before this Annual Report went to press, we received the snapshot at right from South America—so we are reproducing it as the latest available comment we have from our President.



FROM FEAR TO ETERNITY DEPT.

NUCLEAR JITTERS

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO



ARE YOU SICK AND TIRED OF...

*THE TERRIBLE BOMB
. . . movies they make these days

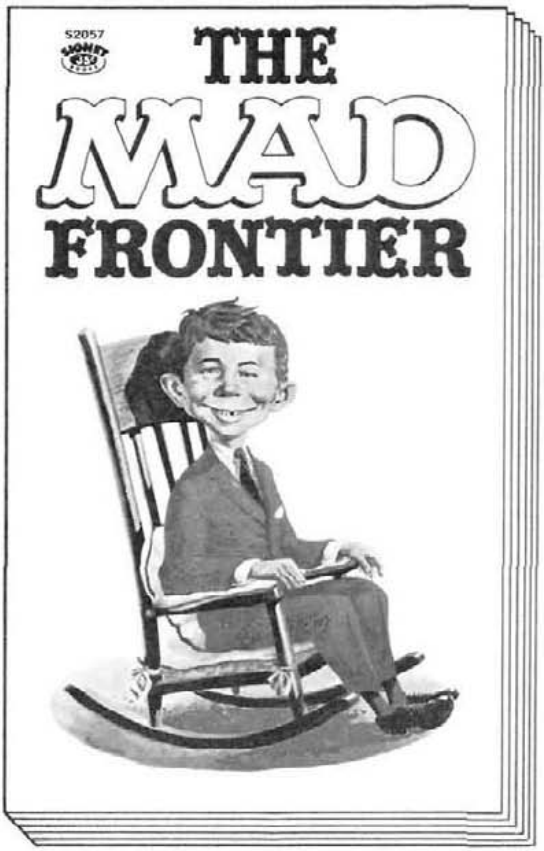
*THE HIGH COST OF LIVING
. . . like the Joneses next door

*THE RISE OF UNEMPLOYMENT
. . . of good taste in TV programming

*THE THREAT OF INFLATION
. . . of ad claims by Madison Avenue

*THE COLD WAR
. . . how science still can't cure one

*THE QUESTION OF BERLIN
. . . and other composers of corny songs



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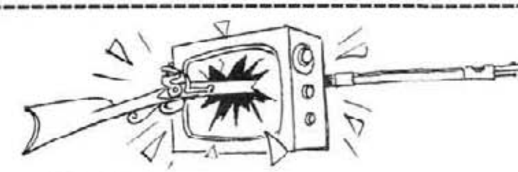
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- ☐ **$1.75** for **5**
- ☐ **$2.10** for **6**
- ☐ **$2.45** for **7**
- ☐ **$2.80** for **8**
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- ☐ **$3.50** for **10**
- ☐ **$3.85** for **11**
- ☐ **$4.20** for **12**



NAME____________________

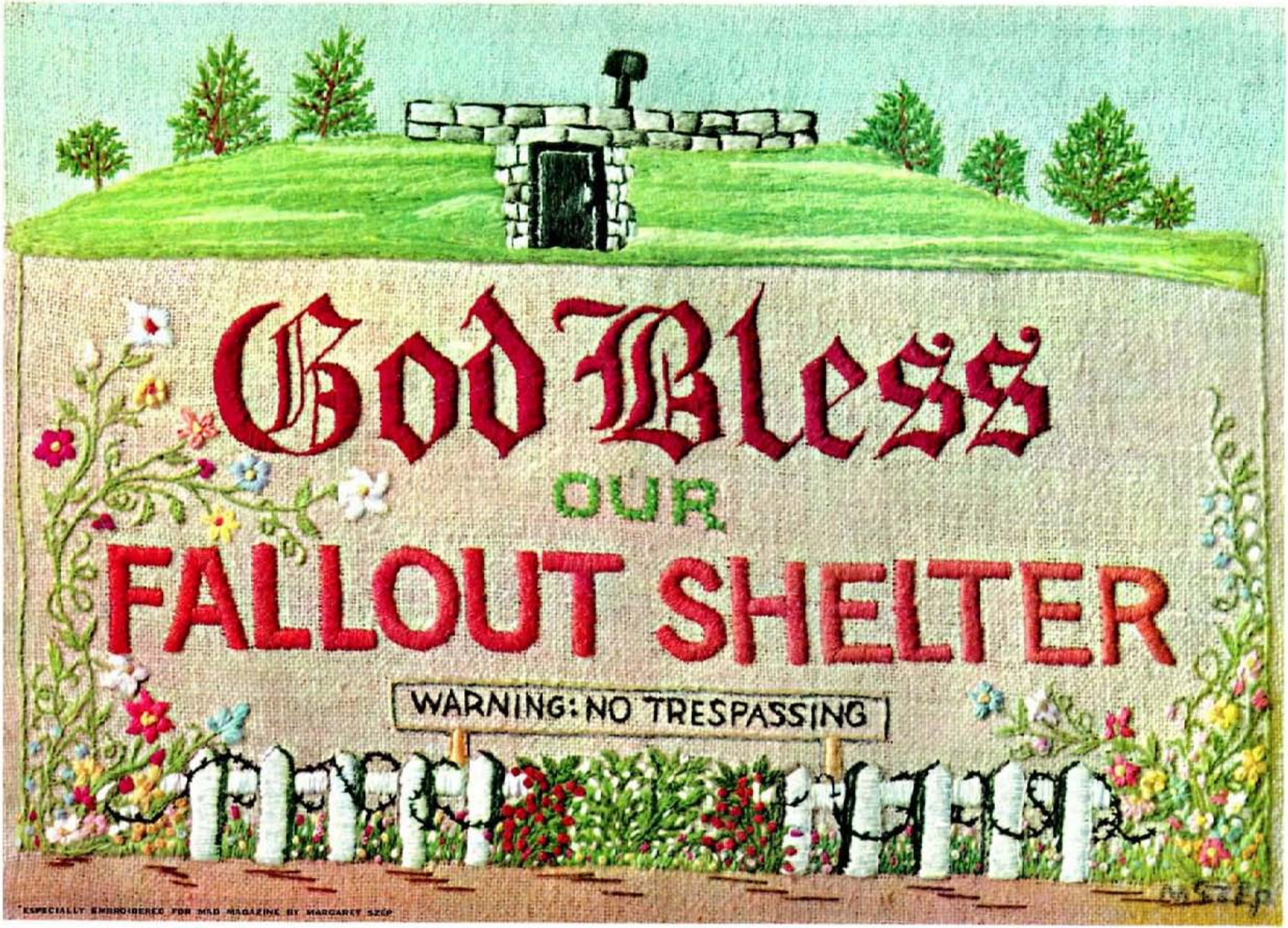
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